

The Sketch



No. 631.—VOL. XLIX.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 1, 1905.

SIXPENCE.



THE DEFENDER AND THE HEROINE OF PORT ARTHUR HOMEWARD BOUND: GENERAL AND MME. STOESEL ON BOARD THE "ST. NICHOLAS."

General and Mme. Stoessel joined the "St. Nicholas," after leaving the French Messageries' Steamer "Australien," at Port Said.



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND"

London,
Sunday, Feb. 26.

THERE is something weirdly canny about Dr. William Osler, the learned gentleman who has resigned the chair of medicine at the Johns Hopkins University of Baltimore, U.S.A., to take up the post of Regius Professor of Medicine at Oxford. In the course of his valedictory address, the Professor, who is fifty-six years of age, explained to the earnest young students of the American University that really great things in the world had rarely been accomplished by men over forty, while men over sixty were utterly useless for all practical purposes. It is easy to imagine the enthusiasm which this brave statement must have aroused among the audience at Baltimore. Not only was the Professor laying flattering unction to the soul of every student present, but he was also paying the highest possible compliment to the Johns Hopkins University. Baldly interpreted, his words meant something like this: "Say! Don't you boys go running away with the idea that Oxford is any better than the Johnny Hopkins. It isn't! It's streets and streets behind it, and that's why I think it my duty to retire there now that I've almost reached an age when I'm no more good to you." It was a fine, daring speech, and should ensure the Professor a nice bust in the Johns Hopkins Union. He need not be afraid, by the way, that Oxford will resent his opinions. The good folk at Oxford rarely fall into the error of taking a Professor seriously.

A curious argument is advanced by two of the Sunday papers in defence of "Mr. Hopkinson," the three-Act farce by Mr. R. C. Carton produced the other day at the Avenue Theatre. The critic of the *Referee*, for example, says: "It is like damning the nature of things to complain that the characters in such a play are a more or less disreputable lot; it is, presumably, the author's intention to present them as such, and he is simply holding up the mirror in showing us these people as they are—selfish, brazen-faced, and utterly insensible to proper feeling. . . . You have not done laughing till the play is over." Mr. J. T. Grein, again, writes in the *Sunday Times*: "The point is, are there such people, and has Mr. Carton reproduced them under the penetrating rays of mordant humour? If so, he has done well." For my own part, I can merely testify that, with all the willingness in the world to be amused, I could not discover, throughout the evening, one single line or situation sufficiently humorous to raise a smile. As to the faithful character-drawing, who is to decide whether there are such people? Can anyone believe in their existence? Has anyone ever heard of anybody who has come across such people? And, even if they do exist, is that a sufficient reason for putting them on the stage to amuse an audience in search of pleasure?

A masterful month is young March. He even grudges poor little February his meagre twenty-eight days, and comes blustering along a week before he is due. Several times already we have heard him calling, and to-day he has frightened all the lovers from the gardens on the Embankment, and swept the river with a grey, forbidding rain. Little February, not altogether without reason, has been expostulating with this rough, bouncing, bullying brother of his. At any rate, so it seemed from the fragment of their conversation that I managed to overhear. This is it—

MARCH. Whew-ew-ew! Ha! ha! ha! Look at the old gentleman running after his best topper!

FEBRUARY. There's nothing funny in that. Why can't you have more consideration for people's feelings?

MARCH. Oh, dry up, you prig! You'd blow a hurricane fast enough if you had the pluck. As it is, all you can do is to cry!

FEBRUARY. It isn't, then. I can—

MARCH. Well? Out with it! What else can you do?

FEBRUARY (*shyly*). I can smile.

MARCH. Ha! Listen to 'im! "I can smile." That's what the girls do—April and May!

FEBRUARY. If you were only half as nice as April you'd be more popular. I believe you're jealous.

MARCH. Jealous of a namby-pamby little duffer like her! You bet!

FEBRUARY. All the same, it's true, or else you wouldn't always try to imitate her just before you go away.

MARCH. What d'you mean? I don't do anything of the sort.

FEBRUARY. Oh, yes, you do, and everybody knows it. They're not a bit taken in, though, so you needn't think it.

MARCH. Look here, you're getting too jolly cocky! This isn't Leap Year, you know.

FEBRUARY. Worse luck!

MARCH. I suppose you're going to cry now. You're as bad as that silly April.

FEBRUARY. April cries on purpose, because she's in love with June, and it frightens him.

MARCH. Such stuff! I've had enough of you; it's time I had some more fun. Whew-ew-ew!

Everybody possessing the least claim to intelligence must be heartily glad that the reign of musical comedy is coming to an end. It has been killed, of course, by its very popularity. It was so delightfully easy, you see, to knock a bit of a book together all about nothing, and turn off a dozen lyrics without either wit or humour in them, that the people who contrived, one way or another, to get a name for this sort of stuff allowed themselves, naturally enough, to get slack. The public, it seemed, were willing to take rubbish, and so they gave them rubbish. Well, the public have had enough of it. In future, when they want to see good low-comedians, crowds of girls, gorgeous scenery, and marvellous dresses, they will go to a music-hall, where the seats are less expensive and one may smoke in the auditorium. Those who prefer a connected story and good music, however, will be able to get them. It will be interesting, by the way, to see what happens to the majority of those gentlemen who have been responsible for the concoction of the musical comedies. Will they gladly seize the opportunity to prove their real ability, or will they suddenly desert the Savoy and the Carlton for—less expensive restaurants? I should hate to see them climbing sadly to the roof of a common omnibus, the while some common literary covey rushed past in a motor. We must wait, and hope for the best.

"Who has the best time—a man or a woman?" Here is a question put forward by the *Grand Magazine*. I have not as yet had an opportunity of reading the discussion, but that shall not prevent me from joining in it. I will give you six reasons, therefore, why a woman—an average woman—always has had and always will have a better time than a man—

- (1) Because she is more easily pleased.
- (2) Because she expects less than a man, but generally manages to get more.
- (3) Because she can always make a man do what she wants.
- (4) Because she never does anything she doesn't want to do.
- (5) Because she is less sensitive.
- (6) Because she can cry without feeling pain.

I hasten to add that all these remarks are based upon the idle gossip of the profoundly ignorant.

OUR ARTIST INTERVIEWS THE SMALLEST ELEPHANT IN EUROPE:

JUMBO JUNIOR AT THE ROYAL ITALIAN CIRCUS.



SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.

Jumbo Junior, who is said to be fully grown, stands only 35 inches high. Her weight is 230 lbs.

THE CLUBMAN.

Army Reform—The Volunteers—The "Peace-Terms" Game—The Finding of the Commission—Nerve-strain.

THE soldiers in the Clubs, who are the most stringent critics of all projects for the amelioration of the Army, decided last week, after the Army Reform debate in the House of Commons, that the Service is not going to the dogs quite as swiftly as they supposed it to be. The reversion to nine years' service for the private soldier pleases every man who has commanded, or is commanding, or will command a regiment, for a corps composed of recruits, as one made up of three years' men must be, is a most difficult and unsatisfactory one to be at the head of. The Germans and the French have different material to work on, so their case is not to the point.

The Volunteers are a stumbling-block to all War Ministers, for they have votes and strong opinions, and they back their opinions by their votes. Most commanders of Volunteer regiments to whom I have talked are of opinion that the force is too large and not sufficiently efficient; but each man thinks that there are special and extraordinary reasons why his own regiment should not be interfered with. However, there is to be no reduction in the vote for the Volunteers, and their officers, who are an exceptionally self-sacrificing and patriotic band of men, are to be helped somewhat in their expenses.

A charming game for Club smoking-rooms just now is the dictating of terms of peace between Japan and Russia: it only requires assurance, a little imaginative power, and the Club Atlas. "The least that Japan can possibly accept," one player begins, and then talks of immense indemnities, cession of territories, neutralisation, and guarantees. Saghalien must, of course, be given to the Japanese, its rightful owners, Russia must cease to be a Naval Power in the Far East, and Japan must be allowed to play to China in Manchuria the part of England in Egypt.

Then the counsel for Russia speaks. If the Japanese do not accept what Russia is prepared to give now—Port Arthur and Korea, and the restitution of half of Manchuria to China—then Kuropatkin will certainly fight the great battle with troops determined to avenge past defeats, and, once the tide changed and the Japanese moved backwards, Russia will recover its self-respect, its confidence and determination, and the war will be continued, for six years if necessary, until Japan, bankrupt, will be glad to take

far less than what is now offered her. Both players grow warm on the subject, both begin to hint that they have special sources of information, and it is only the advent of a third person with a suggestion that it is time for a whisky-and-soda which prevents the breaking-off of all peace negotiations.

The full result of the deliberations of the International Commissioners assembled in Paris to deal with the many intricacies of the Dogger Bank incident has at length been made known to all the world,

and it will not surprise me if the most extreme of our Jingoës find it unsatisfactory for a long time. It is one of our national characteristics that, when we feel sure that we are in the right, we cannot believe that there can possibly be another side of the story, and, had we gone to war with Russia on the spur of the moment, we should have done so firmly believing that the Russians, either in wantonness or under the influence of strong waters, fired on the fishing-fleet without the slightest excuse for doing so. That the Russian officers on the bridge were half-sea-sick was never suggested before the Commissioners, nor was any wantonness in the attack alleged.

The Russians seem to have believed firmly that they were likely to be attacked. Their nerves, set ajar by the wireless telegrams they had received, made them ready to see torpedo-boats at any moment, they imagined that their search-lights showed them the enemy advancing to the attack, and opened a fusillade regardless, in their spasm of self-defence, of what happened to the little boats around.

The Russians are by no means the first people whom eyes strained with watching have led astray. I have known the men of pickets on land bring in wonderful accounts of savages advancing to the attack,

and a Company to pour volleys into no more desperate an enemy than a lung-sick cow; I can even recall a case in which guns in a fort opened on entirely imaginary foes. Therefore, the Russian tempest of shot is not without its parallel. The question of the inhumanity of not assisting the sinking British boat is a different matter, but the Russian point of view, no doubt, was that when a man is fighting for his life against assailants, and hits an onlooker during the tussle, he is not called on while still in danger to bind up the onlooker's wounds. In this the Russians seem to me to have acted inhumanly. I do not think, however, that it was, or is, the time to discuss the question of the punishment of the officers responsible, even if we had the fullest

right. To urge the Czar, now, to disgrace his Navy in the eyes of the world—for that is what the punishment of his officers would mean—would be too much, for His Majesty has never needed the support of the members of both his Services more than he does at the moment.

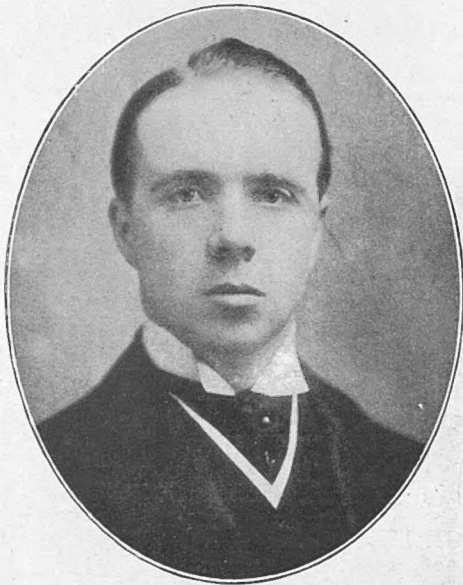


Photo. Elliott and Fry.]

JOHN JAMES DUDLEY STUART TOWNSHEND,
SIXTH MARQUESS.

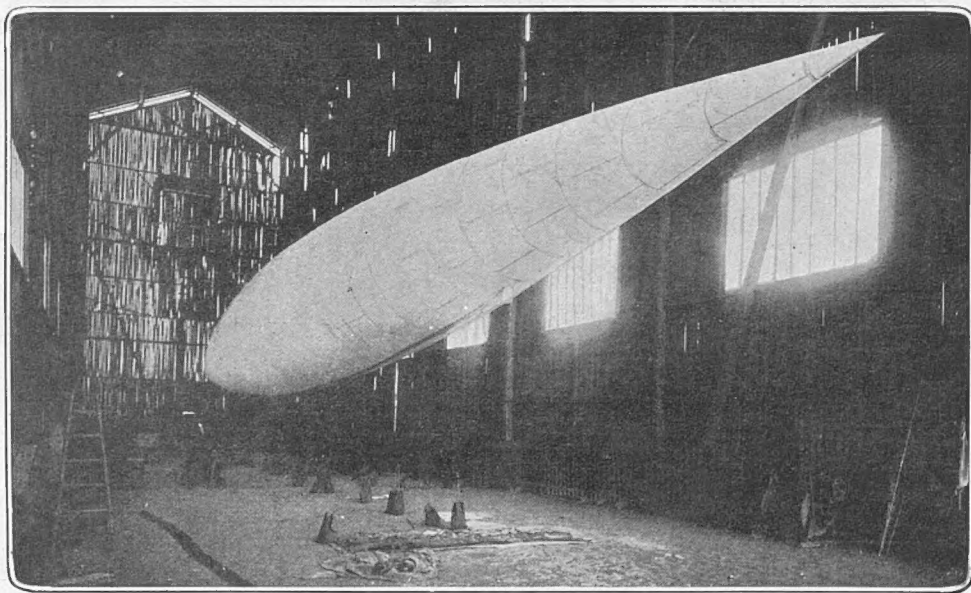


[Photo. Browne.

MRS. EVELYN DIANA TURNER
SHEFFIELD.

THE SHEFFIELD-TOWNSHEND BREACH-OF-PROMISE ACTION: THE PRINCIPALS.

According to her own statement, Mrs. Sheffield, who sued the Marquess of Townshend for breach of promise of marriage, was born in Cadiz, is the daughter of Commander Turner, R.N., and was married secretly in 1870, when she was fifteen, to Mr. Sheffield, the brother of the late Countess of Ilchester. This gentleman died in 1889. Mr. Gill, however, affirmed that she is the daughter of a woman who was a servant, that her father and mother kept a small public-house in Southampton, and that she herself had been a barmaid in London. The defendant came into the title rather over five years ago, when he was thirty-three, and is a nephew of the Duke of Fife and Sir Redvers Buller. During the second day of the hearing the plaintiff's counsel announced that, in view of certain advice that had been tendered him, he did not propose to proceed with the case. It was after this that Mr. Gill made his sensational statement. Judgment was then entered for the defendant.



THE LATEST ATTEMPT TO SOLVE THE PROBLEM OF AËRIAL NAVIGATION: M. SANTOS-DUMONT'S NEW DIRIGIBLE BALLOON.

M. Santos-Dumont is still sanguine that he will one day invent the perfect dirigible balloon, if not the perfect airship, and is untiring in his endeavours to do so. Quite recently he stated that he hoped one day to cruise over Europe for a week at a time in a yacht that will be in itself a flying house.

Photograph by Branger.

THE HEROINE OF PORT ARTHUR AND
THE SIEGE ORPHANS.



MADAME STOESSEL, AND THE CHILDREN OF OFFICERS KILLED DURING THE SIEGE, ON BOARD THE "ST. NICHOLAS" AT PORT SAID.

General and Madame Stoessel arrived at Port Said on board the "Australien" on the fifteenth of last month, and were welcomed by a delegate from the Russian Government. The General was the recipient of several despatches from the Czar, and Madame Stoessel of several bouquets. In the course of an interview, the defender of Port Arthur stated that his wife had never been wounded, and that she had been most assiduous in attending the injured. Several orphans of officers killed during the siege accompanied the returning soldier and his wife, and, with them, were transported to the Russian steamer "St. Nicholas."

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SOME GENERAL PARAGRAPHS.

WE note with regret the passing of the Rev. G. T. Headley, a vigorous divine who reached the Church by way of the Army, and never forgot that he was a fighting-man. In a way, he was the Silas Wegg of the front page of our morning paper. You could often find at the top of the second column some Scriptural phrase followed by a couplet more or less rhymed. The question of the celibacy of the clergy was the last to engage his attention; needless to add that he did not see eye to eye with Rome in the matter. He believed that Englishmen are the lost ten tribes, and had the courage of his opinions. But the verses in the morning paper were the most striking public expression of the man; and as they were only to be found in the advertisement columns, he must have paid in sovereigns for what he taught in song.

The retirement of M. Leopold Delisle from the Directorship of the Bibliothèque Nationale, the post he has filled so admirably for over thirty years, has come as a blow to French men of letters and habitués of the French National Library. M. Delisle was not only an eminent man of letters and historian, but had been in the Bibliothèque Nationale, in one position or another, for three-and-fifty years, and was himself the finest catalogue in the big building. The new Director of the second largest library in the world—the first being, of course, that at the British Museum—is to be M. Henri Marcel, the former Superintendent des Beaux Arts, under the Ministry of M. Chaumié in M. Combes's Government.

Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria has just honoured one who is probably the most-decorated man in the world by sending him his seventy-fifth Order. The recipient is Count zu Eulenburg, principal Chamberlain to the Kaiser, who is apparently well ahead of everyone in the matter of outward and visible signs of rank. It is doubtful, indeed, whether the German Emperor himself can show an equal number, while Count von Bülow, who cannot be said to have been overlooked in such matters, can claim only two score Orders and Stars, or thereabouts.

TO ARTISTS, AUTHORS, AND PHOTOGRAPHERS.

TO ARTISTS.

Every Drawing sent to "The Sketch" is considered purely on its merits. Published drawings will not be returned except by special arrangement.

TO AUTHORS.

The Editor is always open to consider short stories (up to three thousand words in length), short sets of verses, illustrated articles of a topical or general nature, and original jokes. Stories and verses are paid for according to merit: general articles and jokes at a fixed rate.

TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.

In submitting Photographs, contributors are requested to state whether (a) such photographs have been previously published, (b) they have been sent to any other paper, and (c) they are copyright or non-copyright. With regard to reproduction, clear silver prints are the most suitable. No published photograph will be returned unless a special arrangement is made to that effect and the name and address of the sender written carefully on the back of each photograph submitted.

Photographs of new and original subjects—English, Colonial, and Foreign—are particularly desired.

GENERAL NOTICES.

Rejected contributions are invariably returned within the shortest possible time.

Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely to be accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

No use will be made of circular matter.

All stories, verses, and articles should be type-written.

With a view to preventing any possible misunderstanding on the subject, the Editor desires to make it quite clear that under no circumstances does an offer of payment influence the insertion of portraits in "The Sketch," nor has it ever done so.

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A NEW KNIGHT OF ST. PATRICK:
THE EARL OF MEATH.
Photograph by Maull and Fox.

at Cannes, which has always been his favourite among the Riviera towns and where he has a large circle of friends. Queen Alexandra will be in Denmark, where she hopes to meet the Dowager Empress of Russia; but it is said that the latter refuses to leave Russia till the war is over. If, however, Continental rumour may be trusted, there are, at least, possibilities of peace. It is hoped at Windsor that the Court will spend a great deal of time this year in the Royal Borough, for many improvements are being made, and during the King's visit there last week (Feb. 21) His Majesty made a thorough inspection of the works which are being carried on in the Royal gardens.

Russia and our Royalties.

The state of Russia is a cause of extreme anxiety to the King and Queen, if only because so many near and dear to them may at any moment meet with the most awful of all sudden deaths. If it be indeed true that the Dowager Empress has been threatened, the fact is likely to withdraw a great measure of British sympathy from the extremist party, for our Queen's sister has devoted the whole of her life to the Russian people and to their welfare. She is as keenly concerned with the poor and suffering of St. Petersburg as is Queen Alexandra with the

SMALL TALK of the WEEK

THE arrangements which are being made with a view to the King's forthcoming Mediterranean trip show that the Royal tour will, in its way, be as interesting and fruitful a one as that which took place two years ago. The Royal yacht will touch at Lisbon and at Gibraltar as well as at Malta, and it is probable that His Majesty will spend a few days

touch with her British relatives, and within an hour of receiving the terrible news of her brother-in-law's death Princess Louis of Battenberg was preparing to start for Moscow.

The New Knight of St. Patrick.

The Earl of Meath, who has just been appointed a Knight of the Order of St. Patrick, has left town for the Riviera and Algiers; but on his return, he will, doubtless, be installed with pomp and circumstance similar to that accompanying the recent investiture of the Earl of Mayo. The honour that now comes to him is but a fitting recognition of the value of the labour he has devoted to the State. Passing those milestones on the road of so many of our aristocracy, Eton and the Diplomatic Service, he has given his life to the practice of philanthropy in its best form, and to those municipal and other institutions in which Count Tolstoy sees the tyrants of this country. Not only has he been thus engaged, but he has been a pioneer, and the poor of London especially owe him many debts of gratitude for increased means of healthy recreation, and for welcome additions to the public "lungs."



MR. CHARLES WINGFIELD, ENGAGED TO MISS LUCY EVELYN FANE.

Mr. Wingfield is a Third Secretary in the Diplomatic Service, and is the son of the late Mr. Edward Rhys Wingfield.

Photograph by Thomson.

The annual Hospital Saturday owes its inception to him—indeed, during a very few weeks he urged its claims before some seventy meetings, including one of forty thousand people in Hyde Park—and he it was who originated Hospital Sunday in Dublin, an institution that brings in over four thousand a year despite the disinclination the priests showed to have anything to do with it. In his wife, he has a helpmeet who is as keen a philanthropist as he is, which is saying a good deal; and in his eldest son, Lord Ardee, one who has served his country in South Africa. Amongst his many friends is numbered Carmen Sylva, the poet-Queen of Roumania, with whom he is a regular correspondent.



MISS LUCY EVELYN FANE, ENGAGED TO MR. CHARLES WINGFIELD.

Miss Fane is a daughter of the late Sir Edmund Fane, K.C.M.G. Her wedding is fixed for the seventh of the month.

Photograph by Thomson.



ROYALTY'S HAPPIEST HOURS: THE PRINCESSES YOLANDA AND MAFALDA IN THE ROYAL GARDENS AT TURIN.

Princess Yolanda is the eldest child of the King and Queen of Italy, and was born in 1901, eleven months after her father's accession. Princess Mafalda was born in the following year, and Humbert, Prince of Piedmont, the heir to the throne, in September 1904.

Photograph by P. Lucchesi; copyrighted by A. Croce, Milan.

ever-growing needs of London's toilers. The Grand Duchess Serge is a favourite niece of the King, and spent much of her girlhood in England with Queen Victoria. She is in constant

M. Loubet's Yacht.

The President of the French Republic was the only ruler of a European State who was without a yacht, and this fact so distressed a wealthy candle-manufacturer of Montpellier that he left his own yacht, the *Jeanne Blanche*, for the use of the President for the time being. The vessel was built of steel by the famous La Seyne yard in 1895, and is most luxuriously fitted up. Her saloon is furnished in the Louis XVI. style, and she has also a dining-room, two smaller sitting-rooms, and four cabins all beautifully upholstered; in fact, the vessel contains everything that modern luxury demands. The *Jeanne Blanche* is well known in the Mediterranean, where she has taken part in many regattas.

Prince Louis of Battenberg.

a Highness, Serene or otherwise, must necessarily be. It is true that his career has not been exceptional, but it is equally true that he has proved a capable officer, so capable, indeed, that "Jacky" Fisher, the blunt of speech, was wont to describe him as "My best Captain." This was while he was on the Mediterranean Station, the scene of his ingenious manœuvres in the mimic war of three years ago, when he contrived to pull the squadron of which he was Senior Captain out of a particularly ugly hole. As Director of Naval Intelligence he proved himself equally at home, and it is anticipated that his command of the Cruiser Squadron will redound to the credit both of himself and of those who nominated him for the position. He is by way of being an inventor also; together with Rear-Admiral Percy Scott, he devised the first system of long-distance signalling, and, alone, he was responsible for a course-indicator that is looked upon as invaluable. His wife is sister of the Czarina and of the Grand Duchess Serge, who was recently widowed under such tragic circumstances.



Photo. Russell.

THE KING'S HOST AT PORTSMOUTH:
REAR-ADMIRAL H.S.H. PRINCE LOUIS
OF BATTENBERG.

owes his advancement directly to the King, which must be credited to His Majesty for wisdom. In addition to this, he is in a somewhat unique position in that no officer of his rank has held an active command for over ninety years. True, he retains it only until Sir Lewis Beaumont, of the North Sea Commission, is ready to succeed him, but the fact is interesting nevertheless, especially as, by a trick of Fate, he is flying his flag from the *Impregnable*, the namesake of the vessel that carried the flag of the last "active" Admiral of the Fleet. His record is so well known that it is superfluous to

The New Admiral of the Fleet.

Sir Edward Seymour's promotion to the highest rank in the Navy—which places him in the excellent company of Sir J. E. Erskine, Sir C. F. Hotham, and Lord Walter Kerr—has several points of an un-

common nature. Not only is the new Admiral of the Fleet the one naval officer entitled to the coveted letters "O.M.," but he goes into it in detail, but it may, perhaps, be recalled that it was he who commanded the Allied Expedition against the Chinese in 1900 and was instrumental in rescuing the "massacred" Europeans in Peking, an exploit that gained him additional honour and added a medal and clasp to his many decorations.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.

THE OFFENDER OF THE ULSTER
UNIONISTS:
SIR A. MACDONNELL.

A Gunnery Expert Rewarded.

terms, and the Captain's promotion to the rank of synchronises pleasantly with his assumption of the duties of the new post of Director of Target Practice, specially created by the Admiralty in order that the Navy might profit by his minute knowledge of gunnery, practical and theoretical, and a standing proof that the powers that be are at last recognising the necessity for expert marksmanship. To the man in the street, the new Rear-Admiral is, probably, best known for his work in South Africa, for the invention, that is to say, of the carriages which enabled the 6-inch and the 4.7's to be used with such excellent effect against our former enemies, and by the "dotter." He has quite a number of other ingenious devices to his credit.

"Quite Like Old Times."

Thanks to Sir Antony MacDonnell—or, perhaps, it should be Lord Dunraven who should be thanked—the House of Commons presented last week a scene which quite recalled the grand old days of the Home Rule debates. The Prince of Wales was present to hear Mr. George Wyndham deliver his apologia,

The King's host on the occasion of His Majesty's private visit to the *Drake* on Monday is by no means the amateur sailor so many are apt to think



Photo. Elliott and Fry.

THE NEW ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET:
SIR EDWARD SEYMOUR.

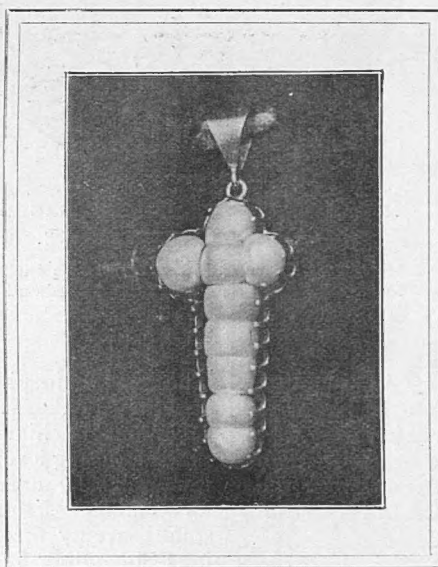
and His Royal Highness was surrounded by a singularly brilliant company of noted folk interested in the burning question of the hour. As to the Ladies' Gallery, it was filled to overflowing, for the Irish Secretary has long been regarded as, socially, the most sympathetic of political personalities, and few great Tory hostesses are as liked and respected as is his gifted wife, Lady Grosvenor. Mr. Wyndham is one of those many-sided individuals in whom the modern world delights. He is a poet, a Shaksperian student and critic, a sportsman, and, if gossip speaks true, a novelist. Then, through his mother, he is descended from Lord Edward Fitzgerald and his hapless Pamela, and this endears him to all Irishmen.

Bristol's Benefactor.

Sir William Henry Wills is a man of parts, in that he combines his varied duties as Chairman of the Imperial Tobacco Company, Director of the Great Western Railway, and President of the Bristol Fine Arts Gallery with the pleasures belonging to agriculture generally, the breeding of shorthorns and Shire-horses, and yachting. He looms large in the art world of his native city, and he has enriched it by the gift of a magnificent picture-gallery, opened recently by Professor Herkomer. Politics have also claimed his attention, and he has represented Coventry and East Bristol in the House of Commons.

The Poet's Revenge.

M. Julius de Geyler, the well-known Flemish poet who has lately died, was not only a poet, but also the manager of the Antwerp Mont-de-Piété. One day a brother poet, who was an utter Bohemian, pawned his watch with M. de Geyler, and a few nights afterwards rang him up and asked him the time. The unfortunate poet-pawnbroker asked why the Bohemian poet did not look at his watch instead of rousing him from his sleep, and was told that the watch was in pawn. M. de Geyler said nothing, but cut off the telephone, and, knowing that the Bohemian did not go to bed till dawn, he waited till the time of his own arising, and then rang the telephone. The other poet was roused from a drunken sleep and brought to the telephone, when M. de Geyler said, "You asked me the time just now. I've only rung you up to say that it is eight o'clock, and time to get up."



A NATURAL CURIOSITY WORTH £10,000:
THE GREAT SOUTHERN CROSS PEARL.

The nine pearls are joined together naturally in the form of a cross, and were discovered thus in a pearl oyster found on the coast of West Australia.

Two Mr. Alexanders.

Two headings which, read together, promised a new sensation appeared in the papers a few days ago: "Mr. G. Alexander as a Reciter," and "Mr. Alexander Sings to the Gramophone." Alexander the elocutionist we knew, but Alexander the vocalist, no. What, then, could it mean? It was but coincidence again. There are two Alexanders in the field, and the fact, strange though it may seem, has nothing to do with "John Chilcote." The famous actor-manager, of the St. James's, is to begin a concert tour on the 4th; and the famous revivalist, of the Albert Hall, has been making a record of the war-song of his mission. Hence the headings.

The Baron de Vaulx's Cellar.

A great deal of fuss is being made of the discovery of a three-storey cellar under Baron de Vaulx's house in the Bois de Boulogne, and the theory is being put forth that the Baron, who was one of the defendants before the famous High Court which sentenced M. Déroulède to exile, used these cellars for the concealment of Prince Victor Napoleon, the Duke of Orleans, or both, on their visits to Paris—visits, of course, which, if made at all, were made without the knowledge of the Government. It is a storm in a tea-cup, apparently, though, and the Baron's cellars are something of a mare's nest, for he has only been in possession of his house for five years, and his cellars were not excavated until some two years ago, long after the conclusion of the trial.



Photo. Protheroe.

DONOR OF AN ART GALLERY TO
BRISTOL: SIR W. H. WILLS.



Photo. Russell.

THE NAVY'S GUNNERY EXPERT
PROMOTED:
REAR-ADMIRAL PERCY SCOTT.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.

ACCUSER AND EXCUSER OF SIR A.
MACDONNELL:
MR. GEORGE WYNDHAM.

Pardoned by the Czar.

The Grand Duke Paul Alexandrovitch, to whom the Czar has just granted a pardon and the doubtful privilege of returning to Russia, is the brother of the Grand Dukes Vladimir, Alexis, and the late Grand Duke Sergius, and, therefore, an uncle of the Czar. He was banished from Russia about ten years ago because, after the death of his wife, he marriedmorganatically the Countess Hohenfelsen. For many years past he has lived in Paris, where his charming manners and kindly disposition have made him a general favourite. The Grand Duke went to Moscow for his brother's funeral, and was accompanied as far as the frontier by the Countess Hohenfelsen, who then went back to Paris, for the Czar's pardon does not apply to her. The Grand Duke Paul's two children, Marie and Dimitri, have been brought up by the Grand Duke Sergius in Moscow.

An Heiress-Peeress. Lady Vivian, who was Miss Barbara Fanning, daughter of Mrs. Harry McCalmont by her first marriage, was left quite a considerable legacy by her step-father, Colonel McCalmont, whose untimely death was so universally deplored. Lady Vivian is tall and very pretty, while she has quite an



THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO'S IDEA OF BRITISH UNIFORM: HIS MAJESTY AS AN "ENGLISH GENERAL."

The Sultan of Morocco adds to his liking for other things European a taste for British uniform. Our photograph was taken when Sir Harry Maclean was in high favour, but the influence of the Kaid was evidently not great enough to ensure for his master an accuracy of detail in dress that would pass King Edward on a Levée day.

exceptional histrionic gift. Her marriage with the gallant young Peer, who had been severely wounded while serving in the 17th Lancers in South Africa, was one of the events of the late summer of 1903. Her little daughter had the honour of being christened in the Chapel Royal, for, of course, her twin aunts are Queen Alexandra's Maids-of-Honour.

Debate in Parliament. There has been no sign of the decay of debate

is to return to Madrid to receive President Loubet, and his visits to London, to Vienna, and to Berlin, of which so many rumours have been afloat in the Press, will not be made till later in the year. There seems to have been considerable friction on the subject of his marriage between the King, the Queen Mother, and the Spanish Council of State. The King, who is but eighteen years of age (he will not be nineteen till May), wishes to wait till he is twenty-one before choosing a wife, but the State Council is extremely anxious that the choice should be made now.



AN HEIRESS-PEERESS: LADY VIVIAN.

Photograph by Langflier.

in the House of Commons during the first fortnight of the Session. Many speeches have reached a high level, and have been listened to by a crowded House. Mr. Balfour is as brilliant as ever, Mr. Chamberlain as keen, and Mr. Asquith as polished. Lord Hugh Cecil, who speaks now from Mr. "Jimmy" Lowther's old corner, has taken a firm position as an independent leader of the Conservatives, and his old friend, Mr. Winston Churchill, is rapidly making himself at home as Mr. Lloyd-George's neighbour. Liberals, however, do not yet accept him as their guide.

Mr. Healy and Mr. Dillon. Perhaps the most brilliant speech of a brilliant week was Mr. Tim Healy's. Last Session the Nationalists would not allow him to be heard on one occasion. This time he may have won their forbearance by courtesy to Mr. Dillon. While the latter was speaking, he gave up his corner to him, and assisted him to a glass of water, and subsequently praised his speech as very able. The Peers who crowded the gallery took unbounded interest in Mr. Healy's brilliant satire



FISHING THROUGH THE ICE: AN EXPEDITION FROM STOCKHOLM BRINGING UP THE HAUL.

Photograph by Blomberg.

York Herald, he was remonstrated with as to the dangers of the journey. His reply, surely, indicated something more than fatalism: "I am on the list of those who are condemned to death, so it does not matter."

at the expense of Irish administration, and joined in the roars of laughter at his neat thrusts, at Mr. Chamberlain, who smiled a little uncomfortably.

An Aristocratic Critic of the Drama.

Lady Willshire's personal taste for the drama is well known, but it is not to the stage alone that she turns her attentions. Her love of flowers is exceptional, and, no doubt, this is largely due to the fact that her childhood was chiefly spent in the various tropical or sub-tropical colonies which her father, the late Sir Sanford Freeling, governed with so much success. She is married to a distinguished soldier, Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Arthur Willshire, of the Scots Guards (who served with distinction in the Egyptian War of 1882), and is the mother of a fine boy of between twelve and thirteen.

The King of Spain, and France.

It has been practically settled that, either in May or in July, Alfonso XIII., the young King of Spain, will pay his promised visit to Paris, and that soon afterwards President Loubet will conclude the cycle of his official trips abroad with a return visit to Madrid. After his visit to Paris, King Alfonso



AN ARISTOCRATIC CRITIC OF THE DRAMA: LADY WILLSHIRE.

Photograph by Langflier.

The Kaiser, says current gossip, is moving heaven and earth to set his daughter on the throne of Spain; but the young King's own choice is said to vacillate between a bachelor existence and Princess Patricia. It is, of course, public property that the choice of a Queen rests between three Princesses: Patricia, the daughter of the Duke of Connaught; Archduchess Gabrielle of Austria; and the Kaiser's daughter, Princess Victoria Louise of Prussia, who is but fifteen years old.

A Plucky Grand Duke.

The Grand Duke Alexis is evidently not without pluck, whatever else may be said of him and of the other "real rulers of Russia." When he decided to start for Moscow to attend the funeral of the Grand Duke Sergius, says the Paris Correspondent of the *Times*, who owes his information to the *New*

Mme. Stoessel.



THE HEROINE AND THE DEFENDER OF PORT ARTHUR HOMEWARD BOUND:
GENERAL AND MADAME STOESEL ON BOARD THE S.S. "AUSTRALIEN."

From a Photograph by L. Sabattier, the Special Artist of the "Illustrated London News."

General and Madame Stoessel homeward bound on the steamship *Australien*, we are indebted to the *Illustrated London News*, which sent a special artist to meet the defender of Port Arthur and to obtain from him material illustrating the interior of the famous fortress under siege conditions. That the move was justified is amply proved by the last issue of the famous journal, which contains photographs—supplied by General Stoessel or his officers—that are justly claimed to be unique, and by the fact that a further instalment of photographs and drawings illustrating the last days of the fortress is promised for next Friday's issue. The illustrations already published include a portrait for which the General gave a special sitting, and magnificent photographs of the Siberian Reserve taking up positions with the 6-in. guns, the Russians collecting the cartridges of the dead at 203-Mètre Hill on the day of its capture, the burning of stores of oil, kerosene, and ship's paint, and the half-sunken vessels of the unfortunate Russian fleet. The *Illustrated London News* has now illustrated both sides of the siege more thoroughly than any other paper. Not only was its Special Artist, Mr. Frederic Villiers, the only artist with General Nogi before Port Arthur, but it was enabled to publish the only photographs that ran the blockade of the Japanese fleet investing the Port.

The Most Interesting Royal Family of the Moment.

The Grand Duchess Sergius is idolised in Moscow, and the deepest sympathy is universally felt with her, even by people who rejoiced at the assassination of her husband, a sympathy added to by her attitude at the funeral of the assassinated Grand Duke's coachman, when she followed the remains on foot and embraced the dead servant's widow and children in sight of all. Her Imperial Highness is the second of the four daughters of the late Grand Duke of Hesse, their mother being, of course, the much-lamented Princess Alice of England. The eldest of the four, who hastened to her sister's side immediately after the catastrophe, has become entirely English, and is the wife of that splendid sailor, Prince Louis of Battenberg, who recently retired from the important post of Director of Naval Intelligence to hoist his flag on H.M.S. *Drake*, where he was visited by King Edward last Monday and Tuesday. The third sister is also married to a gallant and popular sailor, namely, Prince Henry of Prussia, while the fourth sister is Her Imperial Majesty the Czarina. It is interesting to note that the reigning Grand Duke of Hesse, the only brother of the four sisters, married only the other day Princess Eleonore of Solms-Hohensolms-Lich.

Dr. Charcot.

Although the Ministry of Marine declares that there is by no means a certainty that Dr. Charcot, who set forth on a scientific expedition to the South Pole some months since, has been lost, the friends and relatives of the distinguished scientist have given up all hope, for it is thought that had he and his companions still been alive the ship which the Argentine Government sent out to find some trace of them could not have failed to do so. Dr. Charcot was the son of the celebrated doctor for nervous diseases who made hypnotism a science, and was himself a

man of great distinction. Young—he was little over forty—he had a love for travel and for research, and may be remembered by *Sketch* readers for the journey into northern waters which he made some years ago, in which M. Waldeck-Rousseau accompanied him and during which he and the great French statesman were visited on board their yacht by the German Emperor. Madame Charcot is a daughter of the late Victor Hugo.

Centenary of the "Bœuf Gras."

Next Tuesday will be the centenary of the *Bœuf Gras*, for it was in February 1805 that Napoleon re-established the Shrove Tuesday festival which had been stopped by the Revolution sixteen years before and which everyone thought had been abolished for ever. But Napoleon was no Puritan, and just one hundred years ago a fat ox, ridden by a little Cupid, was paraded through the streets of Paris, with an escort of butchers dressed up as Druids. The Empress Josephine received the cavalcade at the Tuileries, and gave one hundred napoleons to the Druids, some of whom had been received by Queen Marie Antoinette in 1789 at the Shrove Tuesday celebration.

A Wedding of the Week.

Not the least interesting wedding of the week was that of Captain George Tryon and the Hon. Averil Vivian. Captain Tryon, who served with the Grenadier Guards in the South African War, is, of course, the only son of Vice-Admiral Sir George Tryon, who met with so tragic an end when H.M.S. *Victoria* was sunk in the Mediterranean. His mother, the Hon. Lady Tryon, is one of Lord Ancaster's

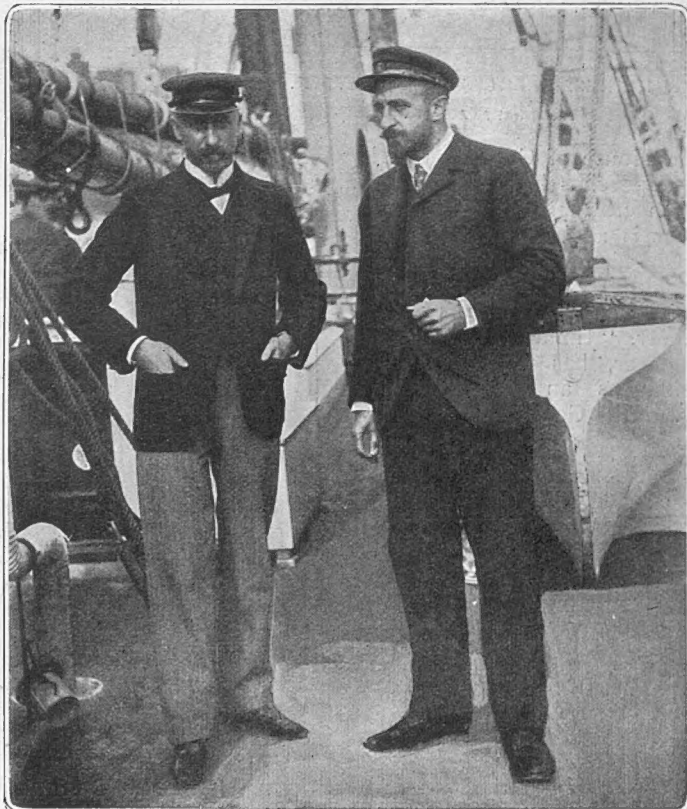
two sisters, and so the bridegroom of the moment is the first-cousin of Lord Willoughby de Eresby, Lady Dalhousie, Lady Evelyn Ewart, Lady Margaret Rutherford, and Lady Cecilie Goff. The bride is one of the half-sisters of Lord Swansea, and she bears the pretty name of Averil, after her mother. It is curious that the bride has two younger sisters, who are twins and are the god-children of the King and Queen; but they must not be confused with the other Vivian twins, the sisters of Lord Vivian, who are the Queen's Maids-of-Honour. The bride, like all her sisters, is very popular in Society and is as keen on the gaieties of the Season in London as she is on the delights of outdoor life at her brother's beautiful seat at Singleton, near Swansea.



YESTERDAY'S WEDDING: CAPTAIN AND THE HON. MRS. GEORGE TRYON.

Photographs by Langflier.

Dr. Charcot.



THE SUPPOSED LOSS OF THE FRENCH EXPEDITION TO THE ANTARCTIC:
DR. CHARCOT ON THE DECK OF HIS VESSEL JUST BEFORE HIS START
FOR THE SOUTH.

Photograph supplied by our Paris Correspondent.

THE MOST INTERESTING ROYAL FAMILY OF THE MOMENT:

THE SON AND DAUGHTERS OF LOUIS IV., GRAND DUKE OF HESSE.



PRINCESS LOUISE OF BATTENBERG (PRINCESS VICTORIA ALBERTA ELIZABETH MATILDA MARY OF HESSE).

THE GRAND DUCHESS SERGIUS OF RUSSIA (PRINCESS ELIZABETH ALEXANDRINA LOUISA ALICE OF HESSE).

ERNEST LOUIS CHARLES ALBERT WILLIAM, K.G., REIGNING GRAND DUKE OF HESSE.

PRINCESS HENRY OF PRUSSIA (PRINCESS IRENE MARIE LOUISA ANNA OF HESSE).

THE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA (PRINCESS VICTORIA ALIX HELENA LOUISE BEATRICE OF HESSE).

Photographs by Langhner, Russell, and Schaarwächter. (See "Small Talk of the Week.")

MY MORNING PAPER.

By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

WHEN, a week or so ago, it was rumoured that the dreaded typhus had made an appearance, and some enterprising newspapers were endeavouring to blame the "aliens," I could not help wondering how the people with nerves would scream if they knew the risks that London runs. Not so very long ago, a man was taken to a great London hospital, where the trouble from which he collapsed and died was found to be the genuine bubonic plague. Every precaution known to sanitary science was taken, the body was cremated, and nothing happened. I have been told that cases of the real Asiatic cholera have been found in London, and that beriberi is not absolutely unknown. If the half-penny Press were substituted for the skilled, resourceful physician, we should have a national or metropolitan disaster of the first magnitude. When a virulent epidemic comes to a nervous country, it kills its hundreds, and fear kills thousands. This is no exaggeration; I have seen the results of terror for myself. In Great Britain, where the Sanitary Inspector has his place in the national Parthenon and we are not accustomed to serious trouble, it would be terribly easy to establish a panic.

Home-made Wine.

In many parts of the country to-day housewives can offer you a glass of excellent wine made from the produce of the orchard or kitchen-garden. These wines have a certain refreshing quality, some flavour of the home-grown fruit, and find favour in the sight of simple people. But recent newspaper revelations show that Merrie England makes wines of quite another description. Many of the cheap clarets, ports, and other wines beloved of the men and women who eat at the restaurants of Bohemia, were never nearer France or Spain than the purlieus of the Mile End Road. In short, the manufacture of liquids that enjoy the courtesy title of wine is now a thriving but secret industry in our midst, to the great detriment of our revenue returns and our national digestion. Something is very wrong here. While the Briton who has eighteenpence to spare for a bottle of wine with his dinner must face the risk of being mildly poisoned, you can buy excellent wine, pure juice of the grape, for threepence the bottle in certain parts of all countries of Southern Europe. Indeed, I was told by a gentleman who has large estates in a wine-raising district of Spain that, when he was putting up some small houses on his estate two years ago, wine was used instead of water for the building work, because the people had more wine than casks.

New Use for Water. Before the manufacture of wine that has less than a nodding acquaintance with the grape became a popular East-End industry, the wealthy Americans had already hit

our wine-merchants very hard. They had not exactly invented water, but they had introduced it to the dinner-table. When men who could afford to lay the dust in the streets of the Metropolis with the finest champagne went to our best hotels and restaurants and ordered water with their dinner or supper, a very serious condition of affairs arose. The attempt to meet it by putting aerated water into bottles with fancy labels, giving certificates of purity, and selling it at a price moderate or extortionate according to taste, was only mildly successful; the water cult spread, and more than one manager has complained bitterly of the tectotal tendency of the time. Indeed, we have heard threats that the price of *table d'hôte* meals would be raised, and there are houses in town where the menu announces without shame that, if you would be a water-drinker, you must pay for the privilege. The discovery of wine grown in Whitechapel will, it is to be feared, add to the popularity of water.

Prospects of Peace.

The rumours of Peace are coming in from all sides, and there is a fairly widespread belief that the Far-Eastern War has well-nigh run its course. If these rumours are reliable, they must be founded upon two latter-day developments, the threatened break-up of the Russian social system and the impending breakdown of the Trans-Siberian Railway. If Russia is in a ferment from Poland to the Ural Mountains, she cannot keep half-a-million men at the seat of war and along the route; if the railway is worn badly by the extraordinary pressure put upon it, the Russian Manchurian Army must soon reach the limits of its offensive and defensive capacity and become a mob. Of course, it would be idle to suggest that General Trepoff and Prince Khilkoff have come to the end of their tether; but they cannot be quite at their ease, or peace rumours would not be meeting with credence in

quarters where they have been disregarded hitherto. All Europe prays for peace, and for the peaceful solution of the knotty problems that will arise, phoenix-like, from the ashes of war. The terms said to form the basis upon which Russia is prepared to discuss peace are, of course, absurd. They are no more than the cession to Japan of what she has acquired already, and the cession to the Czar of what his arms have not yet lost. The full bitterness of defeat is not yet realised in Nevski Prospekt, even though it has been tasted by the best of the Czar's soldiers and sailors; and if peace is coming, the path of its progress will needs be strewn with countless difficulties. For the short season of negotiations must prove one of the most critical since the war began; and no small share of the difficulties will fall upon the ally of Japan, who must see that no combination robs the Mikado of the fruits of victory.



TITLES TRAVESTIED: "THE CINGALEE" (THE SINGLE-HE).

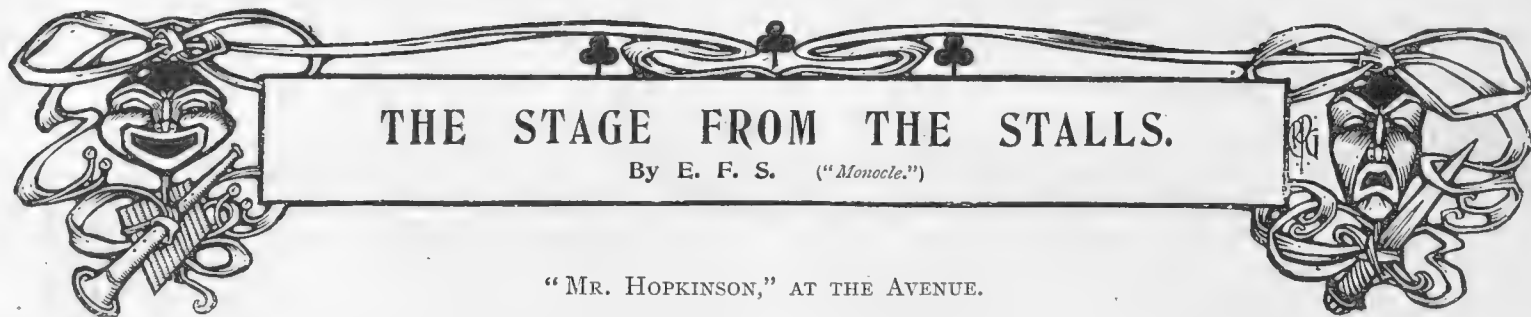
DRAWN BY H. C. SANDY.

RAPID TRANSITION: LA BELLE OTERO CHANGES FROM NUN TO DANCER
IN "LA DOMINICAINE," AT PARISIANA.



La Belle Otero is no stranger to readers of "The Sketch," but as a nun she is a novelty in Paris as in London. She has made so enormous a success in "La Dominicaine," the little piece in which she is appearing at Parisiana, that we hear she will very likely tour with it next summer, and there is talk of her engagement in a London theatre, as the piece cannot be classed as a sketch within the meaning of the Act, though, really, it is very little more than a frame for Madame Caroline Otero. The story is one of the Mexican War with the French in 1864. Irene and Carbajal, sister and brother, arrange to keep a detachment of French soldiers in the monastery of San Bartolillo until such time as their fellow guerillas can arrive and cut them to pieces. With this object, Irene (Otero), wearing the blue and white robes of the Dominicans, shelters in the building. Lieutenant Verdier, in charge of the troops, visits her in her cell in order to express his regrets at having to leave, and it is then that Irene throws off her disguise, appears in a particularly un-nunlike garb, and dances before him. Also, she falls in love with him, and, after he has been taken prisoner, sets him free. The end is tragedy, for Irene is killed by her own brother, Carbajal, who, seeing her in a military cloak, mistakes her for the escaping prisoner.

Photographs by Walery.



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")

"MR. HOPKINSON," AT THE AVENUE.

NOT very long ago no farces were to be seen: to-day you may choose between five within quarter of a mile of Spring Gardens. Of the five, Mr. R. C. Carton's seems to me to be the cleverest. "Mr. Hopkinson," given at the Avenue, has not the agreeable, good-natured tone of "Mollentrave," the fresh, rollicking atmosphere of "Beauty and the Barge," or the mechanical ingenuity of "Our Flat," but in persistent keenness of dialogue and vigour of character-drawing it comes first. "The Lady of Leeds," which it resembles the most in style, has a great number of clever lines, and also a good many with no particular point; consequently one gets the idea that it was written with a flowing and sometimes overflowing pen: in the case of "Mr. Hopkinson" there is hardly a dull phrase. There may be no sign of effort about it, but one knows that a vast amount of care has been spent in working up and polishing. It is to be regretted that some of this time was not carefully devoted to considering the question of length, for the play is somewhat too long—a fault that may easily be remedied, and if, in the process of cutting down, Mr. Carton mitigates and shortens the humours concerning the Channel passage of the Earl of Addleton, no one, save, perhaps, Mr. Henry Kemble, will complain. One notices with interest in the names of Addleton and his daughter Eggesby a faint touch, timidly given, of the humour concerning the names of characters which, fortunately, has gone out of fashion. It is not upon dialogue alone that the merit of the work rests—plays cannot live on dialogue alone; certainly, too, the plot is not its main element, for the warmest admirer could not pretend that the story of the attempt and failure of Samuel Hopkinson, wealthy ex-shopman, to live in the atmosphere of Mayfair is novel, though, following the mode, the author gives a new tone to it by the cruelty of his treatment.

It is the distinguishing feature of new farce that the element of kindness has disappeared. Mr. Pinero, Mr. Marshall, and Mr. Carton have given us three farces within a space of six months which do not among them contain an important character that is not to some extent detestable. They seem to desire the sound of shuddering laughter. In guise of farce they present cruel caricatures of aspects of human life, and, if any of the characters shows amiability, it is distorted into something like imbecility, as in the case of the unlucky Baverstock. We used to have some sugar in our farces, but, although in "Mollentrave" the vitriol is more adulterated, that play contains no one at all lovable; and even in "Beauty and the Barge" the chief characters are somewhat cruel or else colourless: it, however, certainly in scheme belongs to the older fashion, fortunately without being at all *vieux jeu*.

"Mr. Hopkinson" gives quite a ferocious, satirical picture of Society, in which the author does not even accept the conventional theory that the humbler classes possess warm hearts. Of course, Society is not as bad as he paints it, but Mr. Carton frankly calls his work "farce" by way of disarming criticism. In the present case, he goes so far as to give Miss Compton a part which, at first, suggests that

once more she will present a woman with a cold manner and kind feelings, with an air of frigidity cloaking a sentimental nature; yet when the play is half through, we find her, as the Duchess of Braceborough (which she presents with all her curious, admirable technique), utterly callous and selfish, and, apparently, with an entire absence of moral ideas. In this respect it may be said that farce nowadays is usurping the function of comedy; nevertheless, instead of holding up the mirror, she is presenting a kind of "shaving-glass," in which, however, Society can form a better opinion of itself than by a mere reflection on an accurate scale. Truth must be magnified in

order that we may notice her. Alas, it is to be feared that, even with the aid of the magnifying mirror, we only see the faults of other people—there is a suspicion of a bull in the sentence, for which humble apologies are offered.

Still, people need not fear a visit to "Mr. Hopkinson" on account of the idea that it is hard and cruel, for it is vastly amusing. The chief character is not the less diverting because we never have a kindly feeling for it. Samuel is a worm without even so much as an amiable vice to his credit: he is mean and ambitious, a quintessence of snobbishness, cunning and unintelligent, and utterly vulgar. How Mr. James Welch contrives to conceal so completely the note of personal charm that has embellished many of his comic performances I can hardly guess. The study is quite extraordinary: accent, movement, manner, make-up, voice, and all are perfect—perhaps "make-up" is a little wrong, for his Mayfair guides would have forced him to cut his curls; his work is as fine as Mr. Carton's, and even if the play had nothing else to commend it—and this is very far from the truth—"Mr. Hopkinson" would well repay a visit. However, the cast contains many clever people. Miss Ellen O'Malley makes a "hit" by a charming, easy piece of acting as the tepid-blooded Lady Thyra. The very broad humour of Mr. Henry Kemble causes hearty laughter. Mr. Graham Browne acts cleverly in a part quite out of his line, but his wig requires toning down. Miss Annie Hughes, in one of her "cat" parts, achieves a customary success, Mr. Fred Kerr has work easily within his range, and Mr. Allan represents the family

solicitor in quite a real-life manner, except, indeed, that he makes a serious mistake as to stamping the marriage settlement, which Mr. Carton might correct: it is in connection with the marriage settlement scene that the humour flags a little, and here there should be some compression. "Mr. Hopkinson" is not exactly a great farce: it is too disdainful of intrigue, and indulges in some poaching in the domain of pure comedy; possibly some will find its humours a trifle too dry and intellectual, and consider its most amusing note a tug-of-war which, I think, is rather out of bounds; but it is remarkably clever, and causes an immense amount of laughter. It is permissible to hint that one can have too much of the dry farce, and that, without loss of dignity, the dramatists may yield a little to the public taste for sugar—some of the auxiliary love-plots worked into old farces were very pretty and they aided the plays by contrast.



MRS. LEWIS WALLER IN ONE OF HER TWO NEW RÔLES:
"MISS JACK."

During last week, Mrs. Lewis Waller presented two new plays at the Brixton Theatre—"The Admiral's Lady," a drama by Mr. Arthur Shirley, and "Miss Jack." The former was to have first seen the light at Portsmouth, but certain of the scenery was lost and affairs thus delayed.

Photograph by Thomas.

WOMANLY SYMPATHY!



THE LADY (*to the Window-cleaner who has fallen from the third floor*): How exceedingly careless of you, spoiling the new shrubs! Why couldn't you fall on the path?

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.

GREEK TRAGEDY AT THE CORONET: "ORESTES."

MR. F. R. BENSON'S RÉPERTOIRE SEASON.



"THERE LIES OUR COUNTRY'S TWO-FOLD TYRANNY."



"OH, KING APOLLO, SEE, THEY SWARM ON ME."

Photographs by Ellis and Walery

SHAKSPERIAN TRAGEDY AT THE CORONET: "KING LEAR."

MR. F. R. BENSON'S RÉPERTOIRE SEASON.



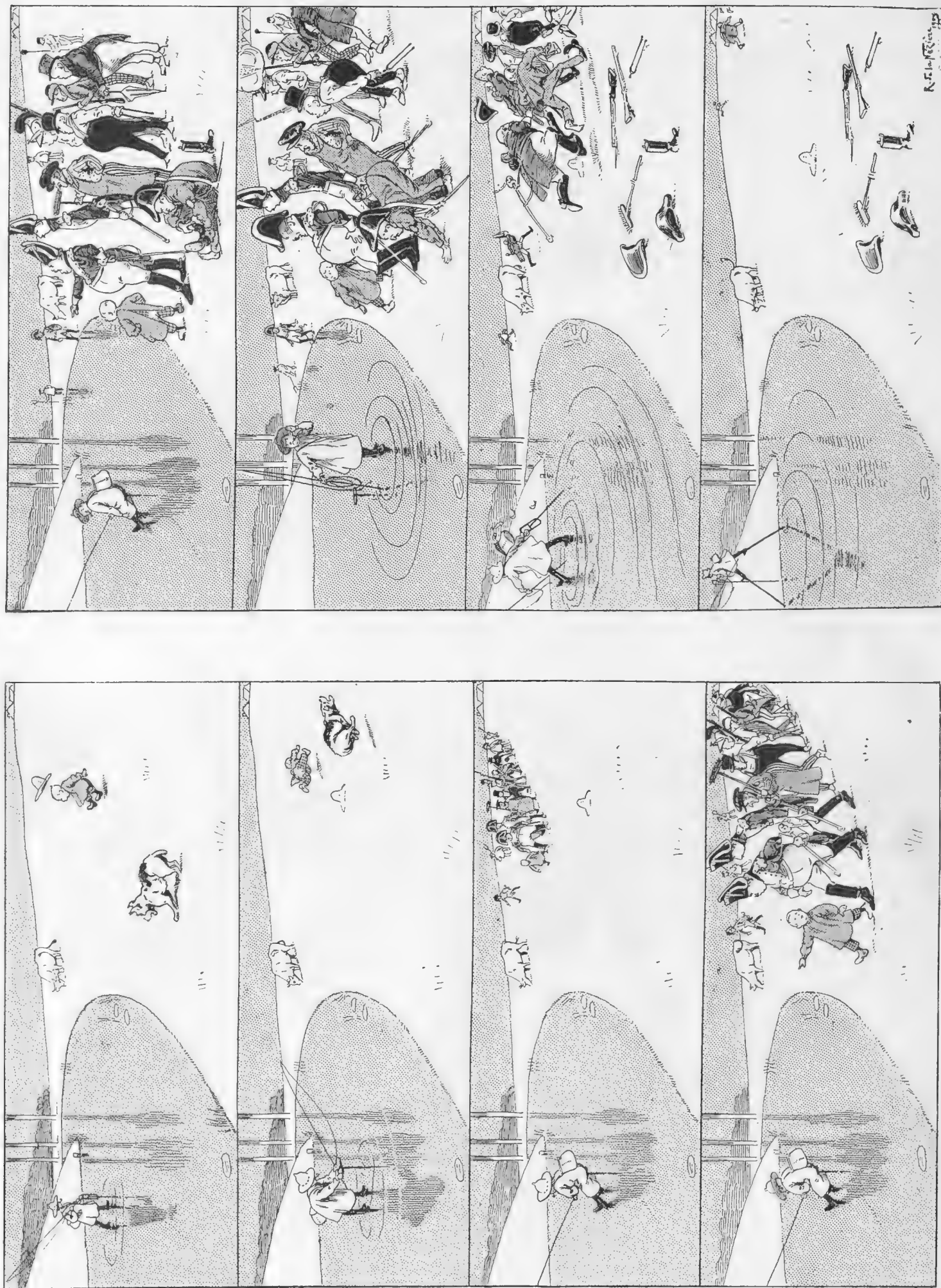
"LEND ME A LOOKING-GLASS; IF THAT HER BREATH WILL MIST OR STAIN THE STONE, WHY, THEN SHE LIVES."



"I THANK THEE, FELLOW; THOU SERVEST ME, AND I'LL LOVE THEE."

Photographs by Ellis and Watery.

A MODERN MIRACLE, AND ITS SOLUTION.

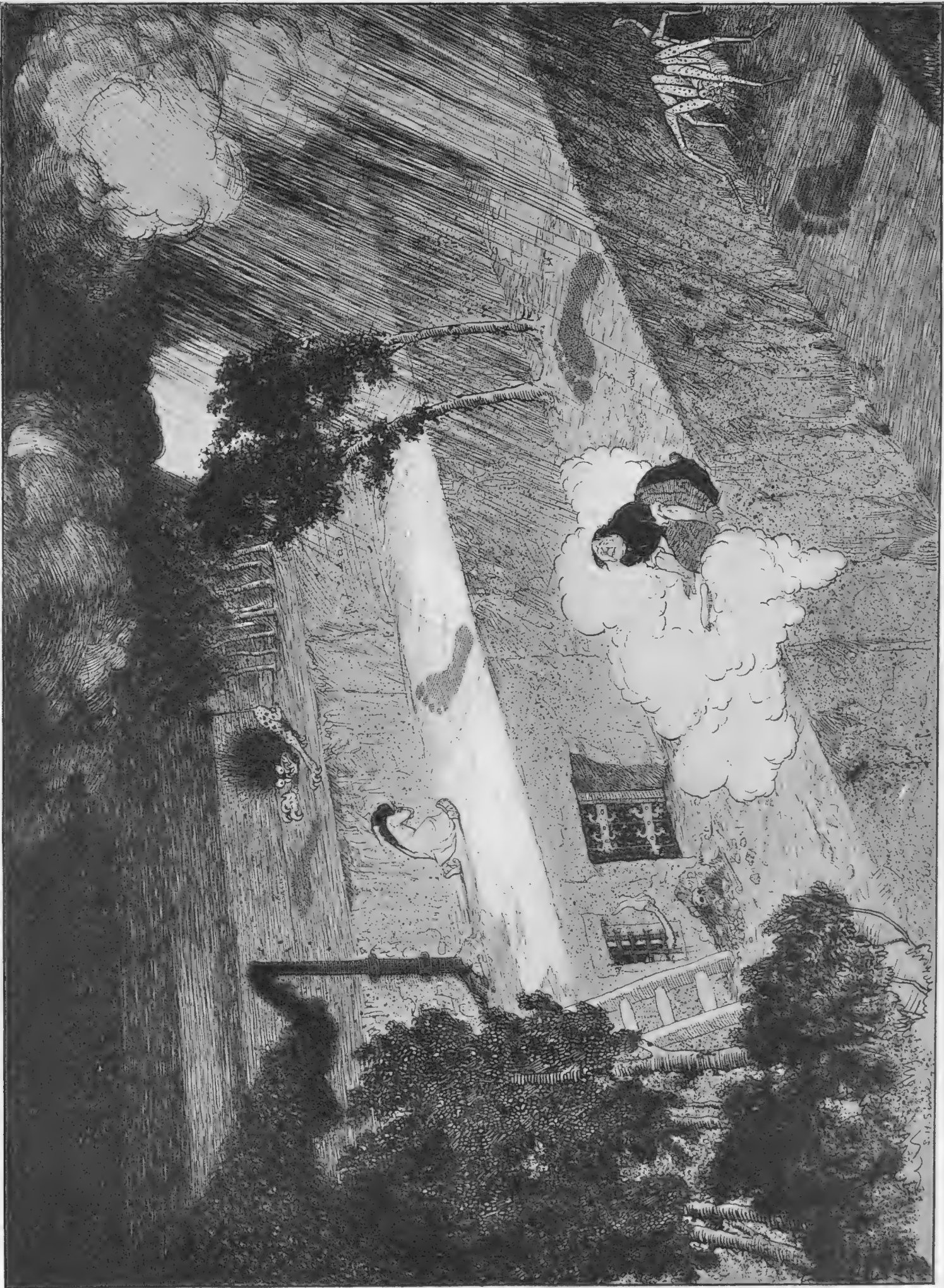


A FISHING STORY FROM FRANCE.

DRAWN BY R. DE LA NÉZIÈRE.

THE DREAM OF THE WOMAN OF CHAR.

By S. H. SIMS.



"I dreamed that I was the Woman of Char, and that it was my task to scrub the endless and gigantic stairs which are neither here nor there. I had no water, but my tears fell in great abundance, and there was an occasional shower of rain; so I worked frantically, and the lather grew and grew and grew. But despair overcame me when I realised the hideous mockery of the situation—the stairs were made of soap!"

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE most interesting and novel part of the biography of Robert Stephen Hawker, which Mr. C. E. Byles has written, and Mr. John Lane has published, is the account of Tennyson's visit to Morwenstow. Tennyson did not give his name when he introduced himself, and Hawker found him "a tall, swarthy, Spanish-looking man, with an eye like a sword." After they had conversed a while, Tennyson said, "'Do you know my name?'" I said, 'No, I have not even a guess.' 'Do you wish to know it?' 'I don't much care—"that which we call a rose," etc.' 'Well, then,' said he, 'my name is *Tennyson*!' 'What!' said I, 'the *Tennyson*?' 'What do you mean by the *Tennyson*? I am Alfred Tennyson, who wrote "Locksley Hall," which you seem to know by heart.'

Then they talked frankly about the times—old prophecies and new events. Tennyson said he had nowhere a settled home, but he wandered all the year. He said he usually made about ten lines every day, multitudes of which were never written down and so were lost for ever. His chief reliance for bodily force was on wine. "The Bard is a handsome, well-formed man, and tall, more like a Spaniard than an Englishman—black, long, elf-locks all round his face, mid which his eyes not only shine, but glare. His garments loose and full, such as Bard besems, and over all a dark Spanish cloak. He speaks the languages both old and new, and has manifestly a most bibliothec memory. His voice is very deep, tuneful, and slow—an organ, not a breath. His temper, which I tried, seemed very calm—his spirits very low. . . . It is to me a great memorial day in my solitary place to have heard the voice and seen the form of Alfred Tennyson."

The book contains also some interesting notes on the publisher, Mr. John Lane, who has been pre-eminently the successor to Edward Moxon as the poet's publisher. Mr. Lane spent his youth in the adjoining parish of Hartland, and Mr. Hawker's preaching, personal appearance, charm of manner and voice are among his earliest recollections. Over twenty years ago, Mr. Lane paid a visit to Edward Capern, the North Devon poet-postman, at Braunton, where he was then living on his pension. "I well remember his showing me appreciative letters from Tennyson, Kingsley, Landor, Froude, Longfellow, Elihu Burritt, and Hawker. We made it out that Capern must have carried the news of my birth in 1854 from my

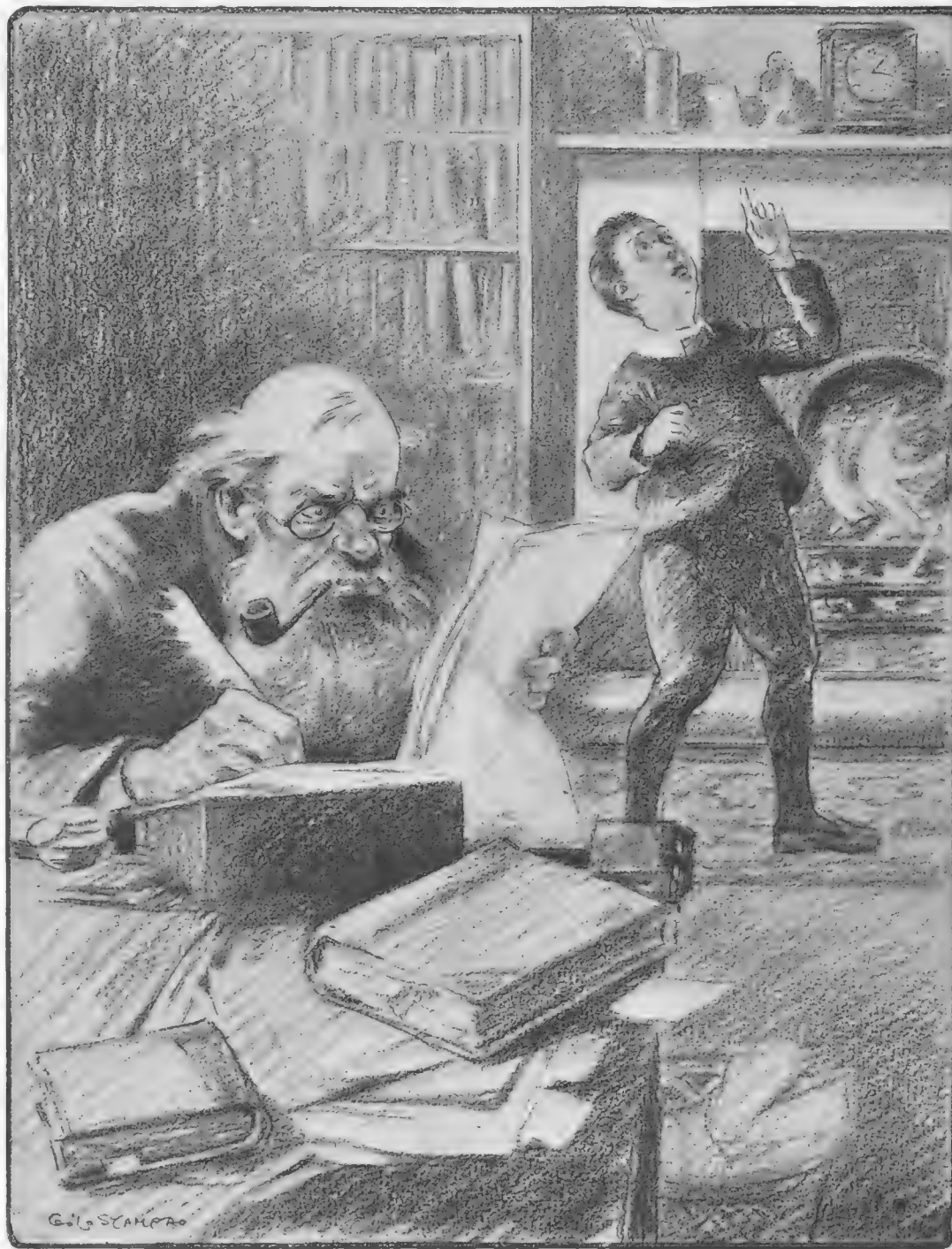
grandmother's house at West Putford, where I was born, to my father at Buckland Brewer. Capern's round was from Buckland Brewer to Bideford, and he told me that he composed most of his poems whilst on his rounds." As Mr. Byles judiciously observes, the fact that Mr. Lane's birth was heralded by a poet was surely prophetic.

One of the very best and brightest among recent books of reminiscences is "Bits of Gossip," by Rebecca Harding Davis

(Archibald Constable and Co. 5s.). There is not a page that is not worth reading, and Mrs. Davis tells her stories without dullness and without waste of words. Specially noteworthy are her remarks on Hawthorne. In spite of the multitude of books on the great American novelist, there is still a want of definiteness in the total impression. Mrs. Davis tells us something about Miss Elizabeth Peabody, Mrs. Hawthorne's sister. It was recently affirmed that Hawthorne was engaged to this lady in the first instance, and that she magnanimously handed him over to her younger sister. Mrs. Davis does not confirm this rumour. She tells us that Miss Elizabeth Peabody, who was all her life an active philanthropist, was a woman of wide research and a really fine intelligence, but she had the discretion of a six-year-old child. On one occasion, Miss Peabody was on a visit to the Hawthornes at Concord. Hawthorne had carefully avoided entertaining his neighbours, but Miss Peabody, who was a short, stout, little woman, with an air of resolution, went round the town on

her own responsibility and invited the chief Concord people to spend the evening. She provided some cake and lemonade to make everything satisfactory. The guests came in one by one and were received by Hawthorne with terrified dismay. One intellectual lady went straight at him as a vulture to its prey. "So delighted to meet you at last!" she said, seating herself beside him. "I have always admired your books, Mr. Hawthorne. I was one of the very first to recognise your power. And now I want you to tell me about your methods of work. I want to hear all about it." Mrs. Hawthorne, "the faithful woman who kept always close to his side, with her laughing words and anxious eyes," came up and said he was wanted outside, and he escaped safely into his tower. One of his sayings to Mrs. Davis was: "We New Englanders begin to enjoy ourselves—when we are dead."

O. O.



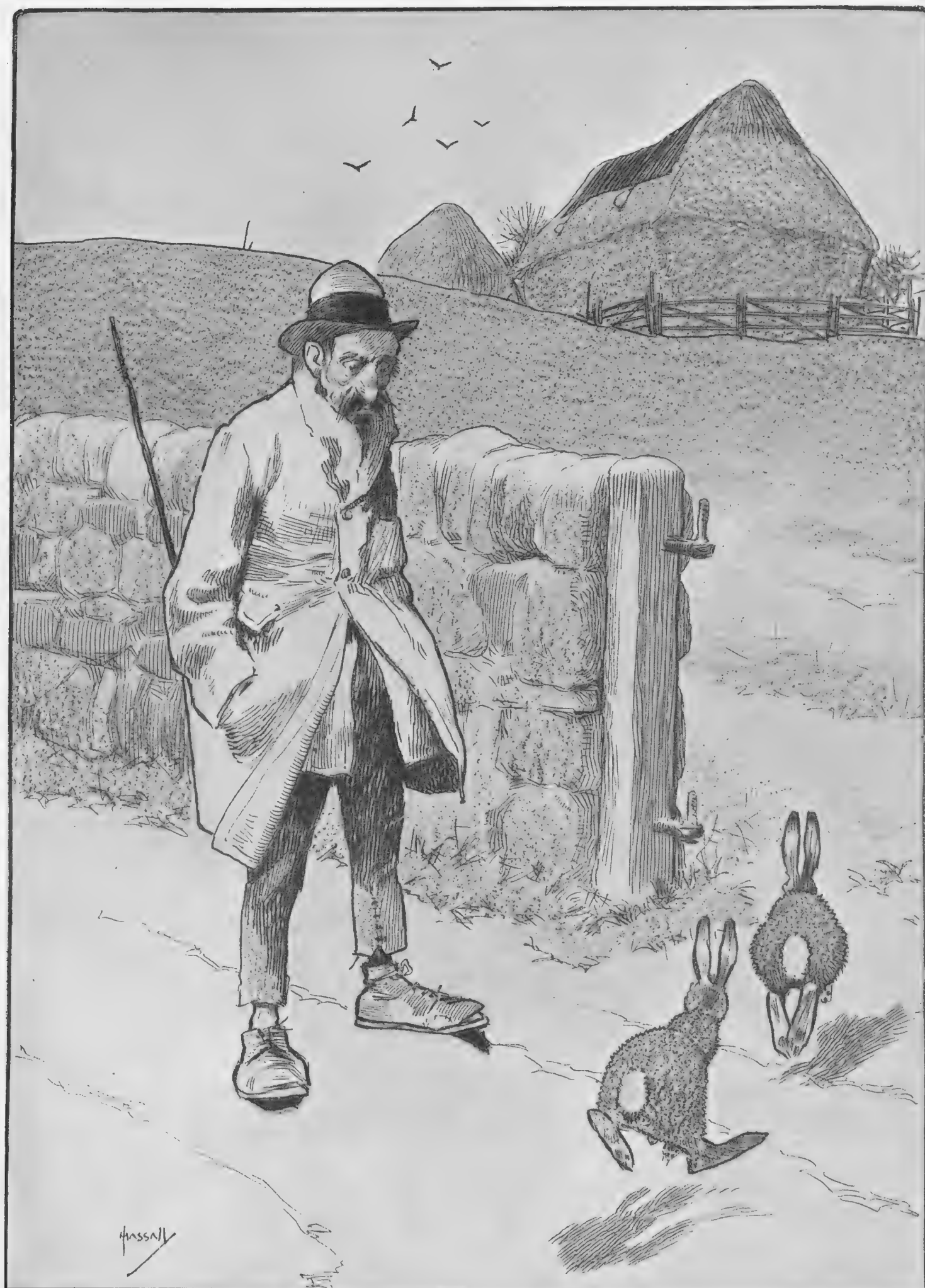
"Gran'-pa! I say, Gran'-pa! There's such a funny fly on the ceiling!" (No answer.)

"Gran'-pa! There's a 'normous big fly on the ceiling!"

"Yes, yes, boy! All right; put your foot on it—don't bother me!"

DRAWN BY G. L. STAMPA.

THE TRAMP SARCASTIC.—By JOHN HASSALL.



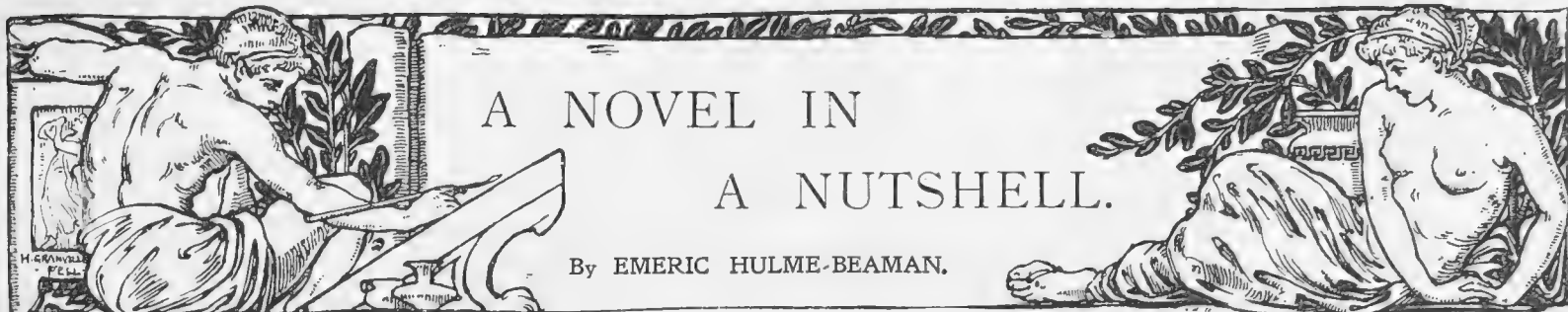
THE TRAMP: "GO ON CHASIN' YERSELF. DON'T MIND ME. I'M ONLY A PEDESTRIUM!"

THE SIME ZOOLOGY: BEASTS THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.—VI.



The Post!

DRAWN BY S. H. SIME.



CAPTAIN TOLROY'S DOUBLE.

HALF-A-DOZEN of us—all, as it chanced, upon terms of tolerable intimacy with each other—were seated, one evening, in the smoking-room of the Megatherium, when, the talk falling on coincidences and accidental resemblances, Tolroy rose to his feet.

"Any of you fellows ever had a double?" he asked, gazing round the circle through his eye-glass, sternly.

We knew, when Tolroy got on to his feet and stood gently swaying on his toes and heels, with his hands in his trousers-pockets and his eye-glass screwed firmly in his left eye, that this attitude was the inevitable preliminary to some kind of discourse addressed to all and sundry who had a mind to listen to it.

Allerton, upon whom Tolroy's glance, completing its circuit, now alighted, took upon himself to reply in the negative for the rest of the company.

"No—never," he said.

"Well, then, you can thank your stars for *that*," observed Tolroy, fervently.

"Story!" exclaimed someone.

"Yes, go ahead, Tolly! Let's hear it," said another.

"It goes deucedly against myself, unfortunately," replied Captain Tolroy.

"All the better," came the unfeeling rejoinder.

"Possibly—for the audience," retorted the Captain, drily. "Anyhow, I don't mind telling it."

He paused, stared solemnly at his toes for a moment, and then, after clearing his throat twice, began—

"Last August, I went down to—well, never mind the name of the place: a deuced nice little town somewhere on the South Coast, anyway—and put up at one of the big hotels. I had not been there long when, as you may imagine, I began to make a good many acquaintances, and a good many more people began to know *me* than I knew, so that directly my name appeared in the Visitors' List I was pestered with invitations—dinners, tennis-parties, picnics, and so forth—right and left. Of course, I was elected an honorary member of the County Club, and one evening, as I strolled into the billiard-room, young Pipkin, of the Guards, who was playing a game with old General Bone, looked up from the table and cocked his eye at me.

"Aha, Tolroy!" he chirped. "What price striped bathing-costumes?"

"Striped bathing-costumes! What do you mean?" I demanded.

"Oh, *we* saw you. We were all there," chuckled the young owl. "By George, I admire your nerve, old chap! I wouldn't have believed it possible for any man to have had the cheek, dash me if I would—eh, General?"

"Devilish indecent, I call it!" growled the General, making his stroke.

"I beg your pardon," I said, coldly, "but I haven't the faintest idea to what circumstance you may be alluding. And, with regard to indecency, let me remark, General Bone, that that is a word I do not permit to be applied to any action of mine."

"No—no, of course not!" hastily interposed young Pipkin. "It was a joke, of course. Everybody knew that. Everybody knows you did it for a bet, Tolroy."

"Did it! Did *what*?" I roared.

Pipkin and the General stared at me.

"Why," said Pipkin, after a moment's pause, "why, walked down the Parade steps this morning in a striped bathing-costume—in front of the crowd, to be sure!"

"Great heavens!" I exclaimed, "are you mad? I—I—walk along the Parade in a bathing-costume before the crowd?"

"For a bet, of course," explained Pipkin. "We all knew that."

"This is preposterous!" I cried, angrily. "You can't be serious?"

"For the credit of the Club—and the Service," put in the General, "I should be very glad to think we were mistaken."

"Gad, sir! I take it very kindly of you to give me the benefit of the doubt!" I sneered. "I know nothing whatever of the matter. And I never wore a striped bathing-costume in my life."

"Well, I'm jiggered!" exclaimed Pipkin, gaping in amazement. "We all swore it was you. You haven't a twin brother knocking about, have you, Tolroy?"

"No, I haven't. Now explain this conundrum, please."

"Well, it's simple enough," said Pipkin. "At twelve o'clock this morning a cab stopped just opposite the Band-stand, the door opened, and out you stepped—at least, everybody thought it was

you—*somebody* stepped, anyway, dressed in an absurd bathing-costume, and calmly walked through the crowd down the steps, on to the beach, and eventually into a bathing-machine. The whole place crowed with laughter. People said you—he—had done it for a bet."

"And you dared to mistake this man for *me*?" I demanded.

"My dear Tolroy, he was the *living image* of you! None of us doubted for an instant it was you."

"If it wasn't, I apologise, Captain Tolroy," said the General, holding out his hand.

"I regret that you should consider it necessary to have my verbal contradiction," I replied, a little stiffly.

"The likeness was miraculous," said General Bone.

"And so, indeed, it was—as I was forced to admit myself the following day, when, by chance, I came face to face in the street with a tall and singularly handsome man, of thirty-three or so, smartly dressed, by Gad, though a little *too*—well, you know what; not quite Bond Street style, perhaps—and—would you believe it?—I almost fell against the wall, I was so taken aback, for hang me if he wasn't the very fac-simile of myself, even to his eye-glass, by Gad! He swaggered past, just staring at me coolly, as much as to say, 'Hullo! Who the dooce are *you*?' as we brushed shoulders, and turned into the Burlington."

"An afternoon or two later, I dropped in to tea at the Montmorency-Jones's—good people, you know; quite an old family, I believe—and the moment I entered the drawing-room, which was half-full of people (for it was their At Home day), a sudden silence fell upon the company: that sort of silence which says as plainly as possible to a new-comer, 'We were just talking about you, my dear sir, and our remarks were not complimentary!' Mrs. Montmorency-Jones shook hands with me coldly; the Miss Joneses turned their pretty heads in the other direction with studied insolence; the Dowager Duchess of Diddlesborough (who was over for the day with her husband, the cleric) stared at me through her *pince-nez*, and said, in a loud whisper, to her neighbour, 'Is *that* the gentleman?' I turned to Montmorency-Jones, who stood close by, blinking sheepishly. 'Look here,' I said, 'what does all this mean? Perhaps you will kindly expound to me the reason of this—er—rather singular reception of a visitor—of a visitor, by Gad, who isn't accustomed, let me tell you, to be received like an escaped convict when he goes a-calling!'

"Fact is, my dear Tolroy," said Montmorency, in an apologetic undertone, "that—ah—that little affair last night—at the—er—the Park—you know—"

"No, I don't!" I retorted. "I *don't* know. I don't know what the deuce little affair you're alluding to. I wasn't at the Park last night."

"Why . . . why, my dear fellow!" gasped Montmorency; "we saw it—we *were* all there!"

"Saw it! Saw what?" I exclaimed, glaring at him.

"Bless my soul!" said Montmorency-Jones; "is it necessary to repeat it? Don't you know?"

"I know nothing," I snapped, "as I have already told you once! I wasn't at the Park last night—I was dining with the Ponsonbys."

"Great heavens, then! . . . Why, well, I *never*! We must have been mistaken!" blurted Montmorency, with an idiotic look of bewilderment. "Everybody *thought* it was you, Tolroy," he added.

"Well, it *wasn't*," I said. "And now you may as well explain what it was that everybody thought they saw me doing."

"My dear fellow, I'm really very sorry for the mistake," he rejoined, hastily; "but what happened was this: In the middle of the concert, just after Madame Tinkalini had sung her famous "Air de Ballet" with variations, you—I mean, somebody whom we all *thought* was you—forced his way through the stalls in a state, I am sorry to say, of regrettable intoxication, and, lurching up to the platform, took off his coat and wanted to fight the conductor. It was a most uncomfortable scene, Tolroy—a terrible scandal!—and for some moments there was a regular uproar in the hall. At length, half-a-dozen gentlemen and a policeman tried to hustle you—I mean, the inebriated ruffian in evening-clothes whom everybody *said* was you, though I didn't for one moment believe it myself; not for one moment!—contrived, I say, to hustle him out of the room."

"It was that barbarian," I groaned, "that infernal barbarian again!" and I related to Montmorency the incident of the man in the striped bathing-costume, and how it seemed I was destined to bear

the brunt of all his misdirected iniquities upon my shoulders, by Gad, so long as he chose to remain in the place.

"It was at this juncture that I made the acquaintance of a young widow, Mrs. Hogg. She was a charming woman, by Gad; charming! Just in the prime of womanhood, and with all the romance of a young girl still—a devilish sight too much romance, in fact. She fell in love with me—I may say, without vanity, she fell in love with me almost on sight. She isn't the first woman that's done that either, by Gad. Well, dash it, I found out she had three thousand a year (in her own right), and, by Gad, on that I fell in love with her.

"I'm prompt, devilish prompt always in matters of the heart; and in a week I proposed and was accepted. Plain sailing, I thought then; but, 'pon my soul, I found her a trifle too deuced exacting. If I so much as raised my hat to a lady younger than herself, she'd flame up to know who it was; and if a pretty girl came along, I had to keep my eyes glued to the pavement, by Gad, for fear of exciting Belinda's jealousy by a stray glance—yes, that was her name: Belinda. And she used to call me 'Horatio'—the Lord knows why she couldn't call me simple 'Horace,' as I was christened; but she said that 'Horatio' sounded more romantic, and she liked it: so I decided to let her have her own way—at any rate, till we were married.

"One evening, as soon as we were alone together, she put her arm round my neck—Oh, there was no humbug about Belinda's spooning, I can tell you; she beat any schoolgirl I ever met at it—and, stroking my hair just over my bald patch, she said, in a cooing voice—

"*Dearest Horatio*, please promise me—promise me *one* thing!"

"I thought of the three thousand a year, and I said I would promise her any number of things she desired.

"Oh, Horatio! Then promise me you won't ride a donkey again, there's a darling—for *my* sake, Horatio!"

"Ride a donkey!" I ejaculated, starting back from her embrace. "Why, Belinda, what on earth do you mean?"

"Forgive me, Horatio; but—well, I thought it was a little undignified, and—not quite the thing, you know—for an officer in the Army to do—and . . . you won't do it again, *will* you?"

"Certainly not!" I replied, with alacrity. "Nothing would induce me under any circumstances to ride a donkey. I never did such a thing in my life."

"Oh!" she said. "But—I was told—some people said they saw you riding a donkey along the Parade this morning, wearing a top-hat!"

"I!" I exclaimed. "I ride a donkey down the Parade! Why, dash it, Belinda, my angel, you must be dreaming—by Gad, you must!"

"In a top-hat," she said. "Oh, everybody saw you, Horatio! Everybody was there!"

"Everybody always is!" I exclaimed, angrily. "*You* weren't there, by Gad, were you, my angel?"

"No; but I was told, Horatio."

"Did the man who rode that donkey wear an eye-glass in his right eye or his left?" I asked, with icy calmness.

"I don't know, my Horatio," answered the widow. "But he wore a top-hat."

"And an eye-glass in his *right* eye, Belinda! I will lay you ten to one in fivers on it—I mean, I will take my oath he wore it in his *right* eye, my angel. I know the man. He's an arrant bounder. People are always mistaking him for me down here. I always wear my eye-glass in my *left* eye—pray observe that—whereas this mountebank who has the impudence in some points to resemble me wears *his* in his right. I have been particularly careful to remark this point of dissimilarity between us. And besides, Belinda, my angel, can you—can you, I ask—conceive me riding a donkey, with, or without, a top-hat, down the Esplanade, or anywhere else?"

"I own," she crooned, "you would look rather—funny, Horatio."

"Funny!" I retorted. "Devilish idiotic, by Gad. Gentlemen don't do these things, Belinda."

"After this, things went smoothly for some time, with the exception of occasional little exhibitions of unreasonable jealousy on Belinda's part whenever chance took us into the company of other women, especially of pretty girls: for dash me if I can restrain myself from doing the polite to a pretty girl wherever or however I meet her. There was little Miss Escott, for instance—a beautiful filly of twenty, a regular high-stepper, by Gad, but without a penny to her fortune—and when I handed the pretty child a cup of tea at a tennis-party, Belinda nearly had hysterics.

"I saw you—oh, Horatio, I *saw* you look into her eyes!" she said, afterwards.

"Oh dear, no—no, you are quite mistaken, my angel!" I assured her. "Miss Escott's eyes are well enough, I admit, but they're *nothing* to yours; they haven't the fire and sparkle and—and, by Gad, all the rest of it that *yours* have, my Belinda-winda."

"I used to employ this idiotic mode of address to the widow whenever she was in one of these sentimental moods, for I found it generally had a soothing effect upon her and usually ended the argument in my favour.

"One afternoon, after lunch, I presented myself at Belinda's house, as usual, in order to place myself at her disposition for the remainder of the day, and little dreaming that this was to prove the last occasion upon which I should visit her in the capacity of an accepted suitor.

"I advanced into the room with my best air and a tender smile. Belinda rose from her chair, but, instead of flinging herself into my arms, which I had opened dutifully for the purpose, as it had been

her custom on previous similar occasions to do, she regarded me haughtily, and waved me back, by Gad—positively waved me back, as I approached to salute her.

"Captain Tolroy," she exclaimed, in a kind of Tragedy Queen tone, "all is over between us!"

"The deuce, Belinda!" I ejaculated, somewhat taken aback, as you may imagine. "What do you mean?"

"Oh, don't pretend!" she cried, scornfully. "I won't be played with like that any longer. I saw you! We *all* saw you! We were all there."

"Dash me, by Gad! Then, perhaps, you will explain," I retorted, "for I wasn't!"

"Oh!" exclaimed Belinda; "you—you—you *prevaricator*!"

"Calm yourself, Belinda," I remarked, for I perceived she was on the verge of hysterics; "and, instead of calling me names, be good enough to explain your latest cause of grievance against me."

"I wonder," she burst out, "I wonder you have the face to come to *see* me after making a public exhibition of yourself with that—that *woman*!"

"What woman?" I demanded, with desperate calmness.

"What woman! Dare you ask me to name her, the brazen, painted hussy, after permitting yourself to be seen by us all driving up and down the front this morning in a dogcart with her? It was an insult—an insult to me! I will never forgive it—no, never! All is over between us from this moment!"

"Dash me, Belinda," I cried, "if I know what the dickens you are talking about! What woman are you referring to?"

"She flashed a look at me like a tiger.

"Miss Marie Triplight," she replied, pronouncing the name with slow, cutting emphasis.

"Miss Marie Triplight!" I echoed, in amazement; "the—the——"

"Famous music-hall dancer," put in Belinda. "Yes, I congratulate you on the character of your *friends*, Captain Tolroy!"

"Look here, Belinda," I said, with decision, "this is all pure nonsense! I wasn't driving Miss Triplight, or any other lady, down the Parade this morning. I wasn't down the Parade. I was at my hotel, writing business letters. It must have been that—that other scoundrel, for whom I am always being mistaken, that you saw."

"Oh, it's very convenient to have a double!" retorted the widow, sarcastically.

"Convenient! Convenient, by Gad, you call it, to have for a double a rascally sweep who is for ever performing some outrageous freak or other for which *I* get the blame? Dash me if I see where the convenience comes in!"

"Captain Tolroy," she cried, "what's the use of going on pretending? *This* time I saw you myself, with my very own eyes!"

"I controlled myself with an effort, and, stepping forward, seized her hands.

"Belinda," I said, "Belinda, believe me, you were mistaken! It was not I. Your own Horatio would not under any circumstances—under *any*, by Gad!—be seen driving about with a notorious ballet-girl!"

"For a moment the widow showed signs of relenting, but her stupid pride stepped in and spoilt it all again.

"I—I'm afraid I *can't* believe it, Horatio," she faltered.

"Believe it!" A sudden inspiration struck me. "Why, I can prove it to you, by Gad!" I exclaimed. "You saw this man, whom you thought was me, quite close?"

"Oh, yes! We were sitting in front of the Band-stand, a party of us, and he—you—he—drove past!"

"Ha!" I replied. "And did you, *did* you, Belinda, observe which *eye* he wore his eye-glass in?"

"Yes," she answered. "He wore it—he—he—wore it in——"

"His *right* eye!" I broke in, triumphantly.

"In—his—*left*!" squealed Belinda. "Ah, Horatio, perfidious Horatio, it *was* you—you, and no other! Don't dare any longer to deny it!"

"At this I lost my temper.

"Confound it, Madam!" I roared; "I wish the deuce it *had* been me, by Gad!"

"Oh!" screamed the widow. "You—you *wretch*!"

"Since you consider me capable of driving around publicly with a ballet-girl——," I went on, with sudden composure.

"Disgraceful!" she murmured.

"Since you consider me capable of "disgraceful" conduct of any sort, I presume we are to regard our charming relations, by Gad, at an end?"

"For ever!" said the widow.

"I made a low bow.

"I have the honour, then, to wish you good-afternoon, Mrs. Hogg," I said; and, without another word, I turned and left the room."

The Captain paused and lit his cigar.

"Bravo! A devilish good yarn, Tolly, old chap!" exclaimed Fenton.

"I'm almost inclined to be of the widow's opinion," observed Allerton, thoughtfully. "Come, Tolly, confess! You invented the 'double' to cloak your sins?"

Captain Tolroy shook his head.

"It was the eye-glass that gave me away," he remarked, enigmatically. "Widows are so deucedly suspicious!"

THE END.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



IF Sir Henry Irving ever had any suspicion of doubt as to the extraordinary esteem and affection in which he is held by the great London public, such suspicion would have been dispelled once and for all by the way in which the announcement of his illness was received. Everywhere the most sympathetic remarks have been heard, while the way in which the placards magnified his apparently slight cold into the similitude of an alarming condition, which the abandonment of his tour seemed to justify, was vivid evidence of the anxiety felt on his behalf. It is a curious fact that whenever Sir Henry has been ill during the last few years, his illnesses have been swift and sudden in their onset. In large measure, they have, no doubt, been due to overstrain, which has rendered him susceptible to chills, and has caused him to lose his voice. Such mischances gave Mr. Laurence Irving the opportunity of playing Peter the Great and Robespierre for Sir Henry at the Lyceum, Mr. Norman Forbes the chance of playing Shylock in the provinces, and necessitated the engagement of Mr. Hermann Vezin on different occasions for Macbeth, and Dr. Primrose in "Olivia," at the Lyceum. When, however, all is said and done, the occasions on which Sir Henry has been compelled by illness to absent himself from his place in the cast have been comparatively few during his long career, but once before Sir Henry's season had to be closed abruptly. This was when he sprained his ankle after the first-night of a revival of "Richard III."

It having been reserved for an American manager to translate Miss Ellis Jeffrey's from the position of leading lady to that of "star," she will make her first appearance in that enviable capacity next Monday evening at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, and among

Bernard Shaw is booming. It must be a source of intense amusement to a humourist as accomplished as "G. B. S." to reflect that, though audiences who attend the inner circle of the West-End theatres hardly know his work except by repute, he is becoming more and more a force with which they will have to reckon. Sporadic performances of his plays are being given in various quarters, while in New York it may be said there is a theatre devoted entirely to his plays, as there is certainly an actor, Mr. Arnold Daly, who has for some time been acting works by no other author. In Germany, too, Bernard Shaw is acquiring a greater and greater reputation, so that it is not altogether impossible that knowledge of his power will come to us from abroad in just the same way as a German version of "The Duchess of Padua" drew attention to the fact that Oscar Wilde had written that play. It is a curious fact, too, that the writers on theatrical matters seem to be quite ignorant of the circumstance, of which *Sketch* readers have for some time been cognisant, that it was acted in America by two "stars," the late Mr. Lawrence Barrett and Miss Minna Gale.



ONE OF THE SUCCESSFUL MANAGERS OF THE COURT: MR. J. H. VEDRENNE.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery.

At the Court, the success of "John Bull's Other Island" has been so great that Mr. J. H. Vedrenne and Mr. Granville Barker have been compelled to arrange for its performance in the evening, beginning with May 1; while in the triple bill now being acted at the matinées Mr. Shaw has a place by the side of Mr. W. B. Yeats and Mr. Arthur Schnitzler.

Although the success of "Peter Pan" is still far from petering out, in spite of the fact that it is still being acted twice a day, the rehearsals of Mr. Barrie's new play, in which Miss Ellen Terry will appear, have already begun. It would be quite erroneous to assume that an immediate change of bill is being contemplated, for rehearsals often go on for five, six, or even more weeks. It is quite on the cards, therefore, that Mr. Barrie's play about children will continue to delight the grown-up children for whom it was, in part at least, written.

A play by Mrs. Craigie at a music-hall. Such an announcement would be calculated to make a good many people stare, but it is already an accomplished fact on the other side of the Atlantic, where "Journeys End in Lovers Meeting," written for Miss Ellen Terry, has been produced by Miss Effie Shannon and Mr. Herbert Kelsey, two actors who usually star in regular drama, and have, in fact, just closed a season with an adaptation of a German play.

Even direst misfortune, it would appear, has its compensations, from the point of view of its value as an advertisement. That reflection is inevitable in the face of the news with regard to Maxim Gorky's play, "Nacht Asyl." It was to have been produced later in the year in New York. In consequence, however, of its author's arrest, and the attendant interest in him in consequence of that arrest, the preparations for an immediate production have been pushed on with despatch.

The pessimists who are constantly assuring us that the British drama is non-existent and that what represents it is ignored on the Continent will have a difficulty in explaining the fact that Mr. Sutro's "The Walls of Jericho," Mr. Pinero's "A Wife Without a Smile," Mr. W. Somerset Maugham's "A Man of Honour," and Mr. W. R. H. Trowbridge's tragedy, "Jezebel," have all been translated into German under the auspices of the International Copyright Bureau. The German version of "A Man of Honour" has been prepared by Mr. Ernest Mayer, the manager of the Bureau, and is underlined for production in October by the German Company at the Great Queen Street Theatre. It was to have been produced this season, but has had to be postponed owing to the illness of several members of the cast. It will also be given in Frankfurt in the autumn, when "Jezebel" will also be produced in that city.

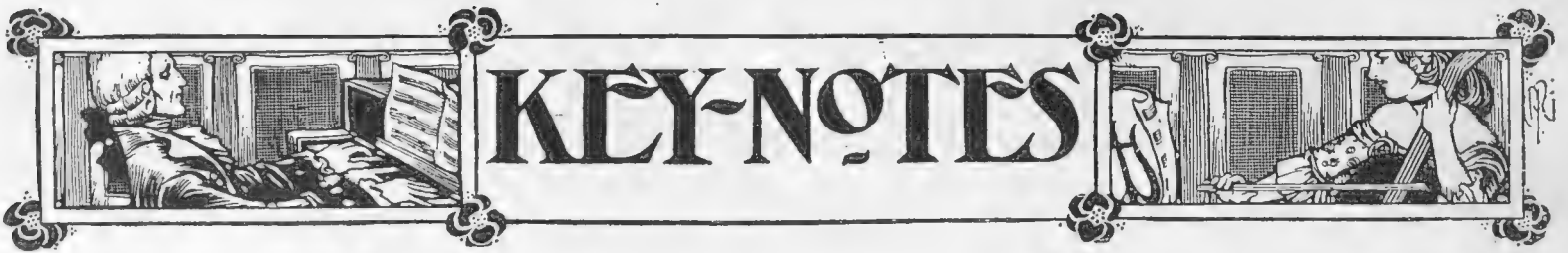


A SHELL-LIKE EFFECT: LA LOIE FULLER IN ONE OF HER NEW DANCES.

La Loie Fuller has just added a Radium dance to the many extraordinary light-effects she has introduced to her audiences. The secret of the performance is, of course, hers, but it is stated that radium to the value of four thousand pounds is her most important property. This has been extracted from pitchblende in her own laboratory. She uses, also, the most powerful lamp in the world, lent to her by the French astronomer Flammarion, and "made to bring the moon within five miles of the earth, through an apparatus he invented for the Paris Exposition."

From a photograph.

her chief associates will be Miss Kate Phillips, and Mr. Ben Webster, who might, several years ago, have appeared in New York as the leading man in Mr. Augustin Daly's Company, when Mr. John Drew resigned his position in order to head a Company of his own.



MADAME CARRENO was quite the heroine of last week. Her concert given at the Bechstein Hall recently was attractive from every point of view, and showed how wonderfully she was able to express herself to a general audience. Madame Carreno is so much abreast of the times that she may be said to belong to the modern, to the most modern, generation that has ever desired its own modernity to be appreciated and mentioned. When she deals with Rubinstein and, let us say, von Bülow, she is not quite at home—principally, because she neither sympathises with the one, nor entirely identifies her personality with the other. This is, doubtless, the reason why she has met with less sympathy than she certainly deserves, and why she has not, in some subtle manner, enlisted the semi-Formal, the semi-Desirous, admiration of mankind which must always remain a mystery.

There seems to be a particular superstition attached to the idea of "National Music." For our part, we are very much in doubt as to whether National Music means less or more in the history of art. Many great musicians, however, differ from the present writer's argument; Sir Alexander Mackenzie, for example, is immensely interested in the theories that crowd around the feeling for National Music, and in connection with this criticism he lectured on Bohemian Art at the Royal Institution a few days ago. The upshot of all his sayings was so Biblical that, judging from his theory, one might possibly think that the father of the human race, Adam, and the presumed mother, Eve, were responsible for the Folk-lore which has since so much occupied the thoughts of those who deal with provincial music.



A GRAND-OPERA ARTISTE ON THE MUSIC-HALL STAGE: MME. ALICE ESTY IN "IL TROVATORE" AT THE COLISEUM.

Madame Esty is sharing the honours of the Coliseum bill with the "Port Arthur" spectacle and La Loie Fuller, and is appearing in selections from "Il Trovatore" and other operas. It is common gossip that the artiste who sings with her, but who chooses to remain incognito, is Mr. Roland Cunningham.

Photograph by Campbell-Gray.

how finely Mr. Ben Davies reads his parts than this, in which he seemed almost to make a creation and to show the differences between the Faust of pure sensuality and the Faust who desired to know everything that this world contained, including sensuality and knowledge. In this respect, Mr. Ben Davies realised in a quite wonderful way the meaning of the great French composer. Madame Suzanne Adams and Mr. Harry Dearth did their work extremely well, and showed one how curiously remote was the idea of Berlioz from the common feeling of the Devil Incarnate.

Mr. Landon Ronald accompanied with all his particular skill and sympathy M. Victor Maurel, whose wonderful art was particularly represented by some songs from Verdi's later works. It is rarely enough in England that this kind of work is given to an ordinary audience; but on the occasion of his appearance at the Bechstein Hall, Maurel explained (if such a word may be allowed) the artistic reason of his most significant life. It is now a good many years since

we described him as an artist of great preparations; he remains still as the finest interpreter of that particular description; in other words, even though he does not at all times give us the actual intonation and vocal beauty of a Mario, a Sims Reeves, or a Santley, he, at all events, presses into his service so many things that appeal to the brain, to the critical idea, and also to the feeling which knows exactly how to distinguish between poor and fine artistry, that Maurel in the end becomes a great conqueror in the enormous world of art. A few days ago, the inhabitants of this small but rather particular planet were permitted by the powers that be to see its own shadow pass between the Sun and the Moon. Many a person who casually looked at the phenomenon was not disposed to realise its exact meaning; the instance, when reduced to its own proper proportions, exactly exemplifies Maurel's position in the modern world of art. His theories and his meanings are instinct with artistic feeling, but so often are they obscured that his subtlety is entirely lost. In the end, that subtlety, as all really expressive subtlety must, will wend its way to the brains of those who wish for knowledge and desire immediate experience.

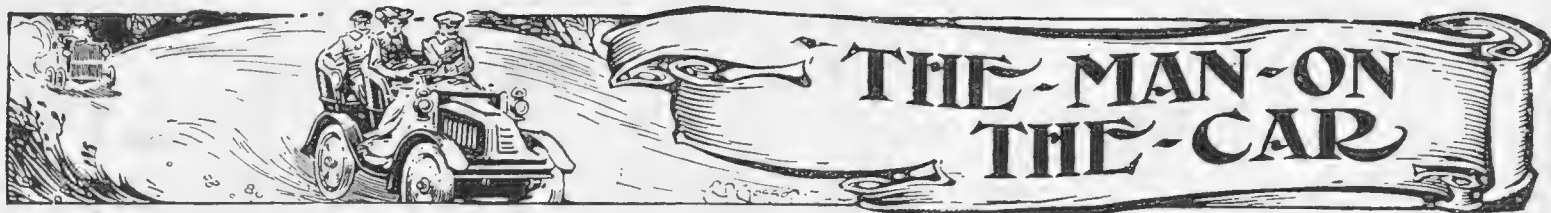


THE WIFE OF A FAMOUS PIANIST: MME. PADEREWSKI.

Mme. Paderewski, the wife of the famous Polish pianist, is reported to be seriously ill, and her husband is hurrying her eastward from Pittsburg, U.S.A., in a special car.

Photograph by the Gilliam Press Syndicate.

The lady described on the programme as "The Californian Contralto," Miss Marian Coyle, has just given a vocal recital in which she was assisted by the violinist who is known by the mere name of Karcsay. Miss Coyle evidently belongs to that excellent procession of artists who are determined to sing to the public despite all things, for Miss Coyle, frankly, is not a great singer; but she certainly is a singer who, with less ambition, might attract a great many people who have really musical instincts. We should not say so much in praise of her vocal accomplishment were it not that, in her interpretation of Neyin's "Oh, that We Two were Maying" she was, so far as we could make out, at her best, and was also in a really artistic mood. Miss Limerick assisted in the concert, reciting Mrs. Campbell Praed's "Broken On the Wheel" in that well-known, conventional fashion, whereby the reciter throws up her voice far beyond all natural intonation, and then dismisses it below the same natural intonation, allowing the two sounds to approach one another upon the same line. Karcsay seems to the present writer not a great player; we do not say so because we think that he is not an artist, or that he means anything but well towards the scientific portion of music. But in his playing of Wieniawski he so completely exposed the commonplace matter with which that composer dealt that one found it impossible not to admire a player who, choosing a most commonplace composer, played his work according to that composer's ideal. Karcsay might with fruitfulness attempt to increase his breadth of tone.—COMMON CHORD.



THE ADVANCE IN CONSTRUCTION—A MOTOR-CAR IN FIJI—RESULTS OF THE OLYMPIA SHOW—UNIVERSAL LIGHTING OF VEHICLES.

ALL really interested in the progress of the automobile industry in this country must, when visiting the late Exhibition at Olympia, have remarked with pleasure the huge strides made by our constructors during the past twelve months. It is not a bit too much to say that in many cases they were found to be quite abreast, if not a little in front of the best of the French makers. Throughout all the cars of really British design and construction were evidences of the national engineering traits which are good enough things in automobiles now that they have been tempered somewhat by the environment of foreign manufacture. As purely British productions, which largely excited the remark and admiration of foreign visitors to the show, were the two three-cylinder cars shown by the Vauxhall Ironworks. The small-chassis 7-9 horse-power has undoubtedly made many friends. It was quite what an American would call a dandy of a car, but it is the simple yet ingenious engineering detail that catches the mechanical eye. The almost insolently simple but absolutely exact and effective method of obtaining variable inlet-valve lift, the straight out-take of the exhausts, the sound steering, the wonderful all-round get-at-ability of parts, are the distinctly British engineering features of these remarkable cars.

An automobile in Fiji, where, according to nursery-book history, there once reigned the King of the Cannibal Islands, marks the progress of the twentieth century. That fast and far-travelling motorist, Mr. Charles J. Glidden, paid Fiji a flying visit lately in making his motor-ing tour of the world. Notwithstanding the surcease of sacrificial fires, Mr. Glidden found Fiji quite warm enough, although motoring with a shade-temperature of 88 degrees and the thermometer showing 120 degrees in the sun was still pleasant. What particularly astonished Mr. Glidden whilst in Fiji was the wonderful manner in which his Dunlop tyres sustained the great heat in work. Suitability for use in tropical climates has always been a feature of Dunlop tyres since the earliest days, and it is satisfactory to find that this early quality of cycle tyres has been continued in their motor tyres, which now stand second to none.

The results of the great Show which closed its doors last Monday week cannot be undervalued. From reports gleaned on all sides, both the exhibitors and the attending public were satisfied. The Show itself made a sufficiently resplendent presentment at night when

all the electric-lights were going, and if by November the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders have prevailed upon the Olympia people to clean the glass roof throughout the aspect of the Show in the daytime will be correspondingly enhanced. The Show management might also add considerably to the comfort of visitors entering the Exhibition if they would forbid the horrible shouting of catalogues in the vestibule, which was at times so vehement and uproarious as to be quite deafening. Also, more spreading space might with convenience be afforded just round the doors inside the hall by setting back the stands abutting thereon. It is suggested that the Annexe, in which the motor-boats, some heavies, and the late applicants for space were lodged, will next time be comprised under the same roof with the Hall proper.



THE £250,000 FIRE IN THE CENTRE OF THE MOTOR INDUSTRY: GUTTED BUILDINGS IN LONG ACRE.

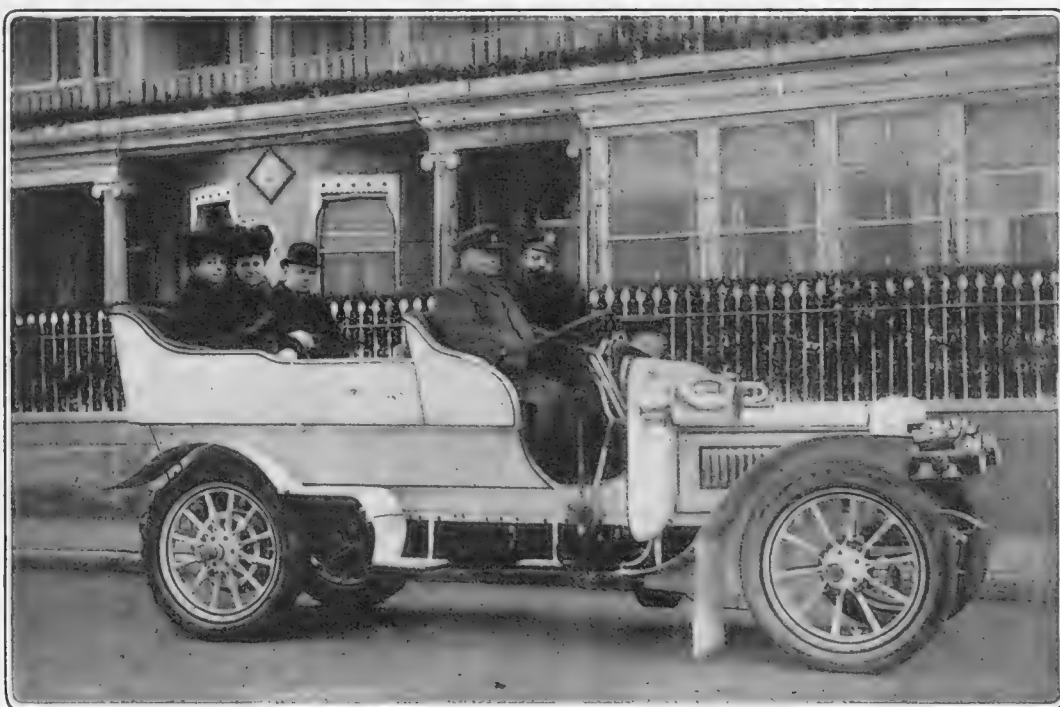
The disastrous fire, in Long Acre the other day led to the destruction not only of the show-rooms of the Ariel Motor Company and Cannstatt-Mercedes as well as of numerous other buildings, but of a number of very valuable motor-cars, which, as ill luck would have it, had only just been brought back from Olympia. Among these was a new 70 horse-power Mercedes worth over £2,000, and a 40 horse-power of the same make, worth approximately £1,260. Dozens of cars, broughams, and other vehicles were saved in the nick of time.

Photograph by Haines.

laid before the House of Commons. It will seek to require the carriage of a white light showing in the direction of procedure, and a red light in the contrary direction. The draft of the proposed Bill is set out in the *Automobile Club Journal* of last week, but, upon perusal, I find it lacking in a very necessary provision. There is no clause which requires that the white and red lamps shall be so carried

that they are clear of the outermost projection on the off-side of the vehicle to which they are affixed. It is the custom with waggons, market-garden carts, and omnibuses to set their lamps well inboard, with the result that to clear the vehicle from the front an unknown quantity to the left of the light must be allowed. Now, it seems only common-sense that these lights should be so carried that a meeting or overtaking vehicle clearing the lights may be sure that every part of the vehicle is also cleared. As I say, this seems only a common-sense provision; but, nevertheless,

it is absent from the draft of the proposed Bill, which is, presumably, due to the fact that it has been drafted by someone who has no practical road-driving experience with motor-cars.



THE MARCH KING AS A MOTORIST: MR. SOUSA AT WORTHING DURING HIS PROVINCIAL TOUR.

Photograph by Tuft.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

MOIFAA—THE DERBY—LONG ODDS—"TIC-TAC."

HIS MAJESTY THE KING has done a good thing for racing under National Hunt Rules by purchasing Moifaa. When Ambush II. dropped down dead, it was feared that the King would not be represented in the Grand National; but, luckily for the sport, Moifaa was on offer, and a bargain was soon struck, with the



THE KING'S PURCHASE FOR THE GRAND NATIONAL: MOIFAA.

Moifaa was bred in New Zealand, is nine years old, and is by Natator—Denbigh. He won the Grand National last year, and is said to have been purchased for 2,500 Guineas.

Photograph by Borden Brothers.

result that the King will go to Aintree to see his colours once more carried in the cross-country Blue Riband. From what I saw of Moifaa's running at Sandown recently, I should say he was better than he ever was in his life. The horse is as sound as bell-metal, a perfect jumper, and a one-pace stayer—something like Gamecock in his action. It is said that Anthony will have the mount, which should somewhat compensate the popular Irish cross-country jockey for the nasty shaking he received when Ambush II. dropped dead. Moifaa is nine years old, and is a gelding. He has 11 st. 12 lb. to carry in the race—not a prohibitive weight, by-the-bye, for a winner over the course. Bar accident, he looks, on paper, to have a chance second to none, the danger, I take it, being likely to arise from Detail and Kirkland.

Cicero has been doing well in his work of late, and he now stands equal favourite in the betting with Jardy, who, those in the know assert, is bound to be M. Blanc's best, although many of the 'cute division on this side are backing Val d'Or, and my advice to speculators is to hold their hands awhile. I am very glad to hear that John Porter hopes to make a show in the Derby this year. He has Polymelus and Plum Centre engaged. Both have wintered well, and both are in good work at the present time. The Kingsclere gallops are sounder just now than they have been for two or three years past, and the Kingsclere selected may have to be reckoned with. It will be news to many to hear that Vedas is in the Derby. The colt has been backed down to 16 to 1 for the race, but Brocklesby Stakes winners do not often win at Epsom. Of the Newmarket horses engaged at Epsom, Llangibby, trained by Gilpin, and Rouge Croix, trained by Brewer, are doing well, but the local men of observation do not think either is capable of extending Cicero, who will, many good judges assert, give Maher a very comfortable ride. The American jockey, by-the-bye, is in the best of health, and has benefited by his sojourn in the States.

For many years now I have tried to show the speculating public the uselessness of backing horses for big races so long before the day set for their decision. As a matter of fact, directly the weights for the big handicaps appear, the agents of the Continental List men swoop down on our Clubs and swallow up all the long odds procurable about the fancied candidates. They do this to save their own skins, and so that their own clients should be forced into taking short odds. It is often possible to get a longer price about a horse on the day of the race than is on offer a month earlier, and, in my opinion, the time has arrived when betting at the post should be encouraged in the case of all big handicaps, to the detriment of ante-post betting. Of course, the little punters will continue to dabble in doubles and trebles, but these should not affect the long-price odds against horses: at least, not until the first part of the double had been won. But I believe the foreigners even hedge these bets when they fancy they are up to be shot at. Bookmakers are big cowards, and they will not field anything engineered by the smart division. The consequence is that the public often have to accept 6 to 4 about an animal that should start at 10 to 1, if judged by the money for other horses written in the book.

Attempts are often being made to stop the "tic-tac" gentlemen on our racecourses, but I doubt if there is any law in England to prevent the making of signs by hands or hats. I am not so sure that enterprise of this sort should not be encouraged and utilised *pro bono publico*. Why not appoint a couple of "tic-tac" gentlemen to tell all those dwellers in the ring who could read the language any change in the odds, also the latest from the paddock and the starting-post? If a horse was left, everyone should be made acquainted with the fact, while the name of a horse falling in the country for the Grand National should be signalled to the ring at once. Many will laugh at my suggestion. So they did when I suggested that Clerks of Courses should allow the tape people to get the runners early. One of the best known of our Clerks of the Course suggested that it would keep people away from the racecourse. My answer was that by allowing the papers to get the racing news early and giving it publication the sport would gain a lot. It did; and now the officials have learned the value of publicity, as witness the publication of the order of running, entries, etc., days earlier than was the case, even ten years back.

CAPTAIN COE.



HIS MAJESTY'S AMBUSH II., WHO DROPPED DEAD AFTER A GALLOP AT THE CURRAGH.

Ambush II. was eleven years of age, and was a colt by Ben Battle out of Miss Plant. He was purchased for the King in 1898 for £500.

Photograph by Rouch.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

AN American friend, who, like most of her versatile countrywomen, has the true instinct of dressing well, made a very apposite remark in connection with the first Court, which she attended last week. "Very few women," she said, "can understand how becoming cloth-of-gold is both to dark and fair alike, or they would affect it



[Copyright.]

AN ARTISTIC TEA-GOWN.

more for big occasions. Your Queen looked a radiant dream last week in her Indian embroidered cloth-of-gold, and at the opening of Parliament Lady Lytton's gold and silver tissue quite transformed her personality." There is no doubt of this fact, but most people in this country of restrained individuality seem afraid that cloth-of-gold or its representatives are "too much" for ordinary festivities—a mistaken idea which finds no favour with the fearless Transatlantic belle bent only on a supremely successful appearance.

Apropos, I see that Mrs. James Macdonald, whose husband is of Standard Oil Trust fame, has developed the Fuller idea of having one colour in their windows by giving a "pink" tea-party, at which the tea-cups, flowers, sweets, lamp-shades, and hostess's frock were all to match. It is a pretty notion and worthy the enterprise of the hostess.

That everybody went to the Motor Show at Olympia goes without saying, and that everyone wore her best frock is again a foregone conclusion. One of the prettiest was a pale-grey crêpe de-Chine trimmed with embroidered suède. Lady Chesterfield, in black and white, the former velvet and the latter ermine, made a picturesque appearance; and the wife of a Hungarian Attaché wore a white cloth tailor-frock direct from that town of great tailors, Vienna, which was a very mould of form and deftly braided with gold and silver in bewildering arabesques.

That things are not always what they seem has been put to proof with some point by Oetzmann's, house-furnishers, of 62-79, Hampstead Road, who have at last realised the ideal bed-sitting-room furniture by introducing a convertible bed-room suite, which is suggestively called "The Chameleon," and can be used to turn a

comfortable bedroom into a pleasant sitting-room at pleasure. The furniture is in fumigated oak, with the now popular and universal bronzed "ornaments" with which the person of soulful yearnings after "art" loves to see her wardrobe and wash-stand embellished. The Chameleon suite is really inexpensive, and those whose lines are cast within the narrow limits of a bed-sitting-room will find the notion eminently useful without a doubt, and by its aid can study comfort, convenience, and contrivance together in exchange for a cheque of modest dimensions. Madame Fashion has many a becoming frock in her show-rooms just now, and this outdoor gown of pale-coloured cloth in the new light texture makes a much-decorative appearance in her salons. As will be seen, the three-quarter coat, with embroidered vest, cuffs, and lace at neck and cuffs, is again admittedly fashionable. Age cannot wither or custom stale this charming reminiscence of Old France, and, as expressed by the makers in the present instance, nothing could be more picturesque. Another sketch represents a tea-gown in cream lace, silken bows, and mousseline-de-soie. It is graceful, and what an American friend calls "ulegant" in the highest degree.

No less beguiling in their way are the new spring hats of the Maison Lewis, to whose ravishments everyone passing 210, Regent Street, will make acknowledgment. Flowers whose extraordinary detail and naturalness put garden and hedgerow to shame are a feature of this season's millinery, and airy-fairy fabrics dainty in hue and texture appear in daily increasing variety. But it is the skill—one almost says, genius—with which the millinery ingredients are woven into a millinery masterpiece that seems the special prerogative of the



[Copyright.]

THE COMING MODE.

Maison Lewis. Nowhere is one more certain of what we understand as good style, excellent material, and really get-at-able prices. The tiny turban-hat, which is either disastrous or absolutely becoming, has its apotheosis at the Maison Lewis, and there is a *chic* and go about their

picture-hats, which are now worn at such astonishingly acute angles in Paris, that, while retaining their becomingness, they will not clash with the contrasting style and type of the Anglo-Saxon.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

STILETTO (Durban).—It would be simpler to fix on the characters for the children's fancy-dresses, and set your maid to work on them when drawn and correctly coloured. By the way, if you are ordering most things from home, you should send for a couple of dozen tins of Huntley and Palmers' new "Nursery-Rhyme Biscuits." They are delicious, and each biscuit is stamped with a different illustration of old nursery-rhymes, which will prove vastly entertaining to the little ones.

SYBIL.

THEATRICAL NOTES.

AT the conclusion of the run of "Beauty and the Barge," London will perforce lose the possibility of laughing with Mrs. Charles Calvert, for she has decided on a temporary change of scene for her artistic activities. She is going to New York to play Mrs. Hardcastle in a revival of "She Stoops to Conquer" at the New Amsterdam Theatre in that city. The Company will be made up entirely of "stars," and among her associates who are known to London



THE ROYAL RETROTHAL: H.R.H. PRINCESS MARGARET OF CONNAUGHT.

Princess Margaret Victoria Augusta Charlotte Norah of Connaught, whose engagement to Prince Oscar Frederick William Olaf Gustavus Adolphus, Duke of Schonen, eldest son of the Crown Prince and Princess of Sweden and Norway, is announced, is the eldest daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, and was born on Jan. 15, 1882. She is a Lady of the Royal Order of Victoria and Albert and of the Imperial Crown of India. The Prince was born in Stockholm on Nov. 11, 1882, and has been trained as a soldier.

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.

audiences will be Miss Eleanor Robson, who will play Kate Hardcastle; Mr. Kyrle Bellew, who will be Young Marlowe; Mr. Frank Mills, Hastings; and Mr. J. E. Dodson, Diggory. It will not be Mrs. Calvert's first appearance in America, for she accompanied Miss Mary Anderson on her last tour, and acted Madame Deschappelles.

The Benson season being now in full swing at the Coronet, the Shakspeare-loving public has further opportunities of seeing the more popular plays performed by Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Benson and the Company of which so many of our prominent actors have, at one time or another, been members. In this way they have had the opportunity of obtaining the technical skill which comes from the acting of many different parts and so developing their own powers, for the Benson Company is one of the very few left in which an actor does not play the same character during the whole of the tour.

The Waldorf Theatre in Aldwych is approaching completion so rapidly that it has been possible to decide upon the evening of May Day for its dedication to the public, although Mr. Sam Shubert, the American manager who will control its destinies, has not yet selected the play with which he will open the house. Dramatically, its career is to be eclectic, for it will have no other mission than that of offering the best of everything, whether that best be drama, comedy, farce, or musical comedy. As Mr. Shubert

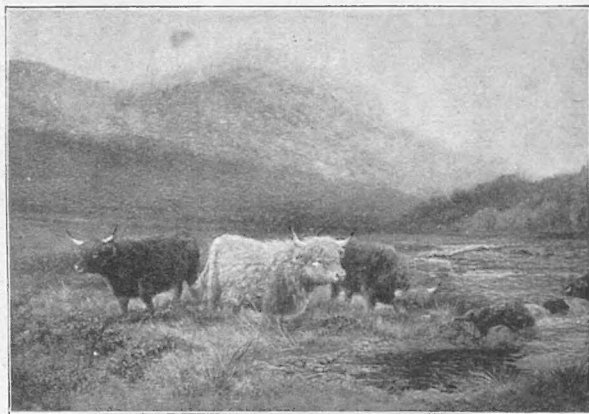
has been closely identified with musical comedy in America, he will probably begin with a play of that character; but during the next few weeks, before rehearsals actually begin, circumstances may conspire to change these preliminary plans, and a more serious play may be the opening programme.

"The Little Brown Branch," the play by Mr. Berte Thomas which was produced at a matinée at the Court Theatre a few weeks ago, will, in accordance with arrangements which have just been made, be played at the Prince's Theatre, Manchester, for a week in May, under the direction of Miss Frances Ivor, who is, in private life, Mrs. Berte Thomas. The author will then appear in the part created by Mr. Graham Browne, instead of taking up again the character he originally acted. It is hoped that, in all other respects, the members of the little Company which appeared at the Court will be available for their respective characters.

But for her unfortunate accident, Mrs. Patrick Campbell would have produced a new three-Act play by Mr. Berte Thomas during her present American tour. Circumstances may, indeed, so evolve themselves that Mrs. Campbell may still be able to introduce the play, of which she has formed an exceedingly high opinion, while the leading part should particularly appeal to the actress whose "Second Mrs. Tanqueray" is still regarded as one of the most memorable achievements of the modern stage on both sides of the Atlantic.

The many distinguished patrons of Mr. Pitman's orchestra will be delighted to hear of a very pleasant ceremony which took place recently, when the members of his band entertained him to dinner, and presented him with a handsome clock, to signify their appreciation of his sterling qualities and the high esteem in which he is held. It is regrettable that this famous *petite* band is not more often heard in public, the principal engagements usually being for private parties; more especially as it consists entirely of British musicians, some of those present having been with Mr. Pitman upwards of twenty years. This, undoubtedly, is one of the secrets of his success. The band has played before their Majesties the King and Queen, and nearly all the other members of the Royal Family.

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CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on March 13.

NEW-ISSUE FEVER.

HOW long the present race to subscribe for new issues before the lists close will last depends greatly upon how long the ordinary investor will allow himself to be put off either with allotments too small to retain, or with refusals of any stock at all. The people who are getting big blocks of new issues at the present time are the underwriters. Besides their commission—a needless expense in most cases—the underwriters stipulate for a certain amount of “firm” stock, and if the half of an issue is taken in this way before ever the public are asked to take a hand, the latter do not stand much chance of allotment when the stock possesses any attraction worth mentioning.

Those who were fortunate enough to secure allotments of the Belfast $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Loan, favourably mentioned here last week, should keep their stock for a while, because the price will, no doubt, go to 105 in course of time. The new Grand Trunk Pacific Bonds are also a capital investment. Ranking below Grand Trunk Debenture at 107, and above Grand Trunk Guaranteed at 100, the price of the Bonds should be somewhere between these figures. The Lagos $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Loan will probably be over-subscribed, although the public, as a rule, are not very keen about these out-of-the-way Crown Colony issues, while the methods of the Crown Agents do not commend themselves to people accustomed to the business-like systems of the London banks as regards transfer and other detail work connected with stocks. For the Rand Water issue there is also sure to be a rush, and we may assume in advance that the Debenture stocks of the two new Electrical Railways will command a fair amount of attention. All of which is so much to the good of the Stock Exchange in diverting men's minds to the Temple of Mammon, but we must again express a pious hope that the promoting houses will not overdo their business and spoil the market.

THE BEIRA RAILWAY.

Considerable interest is being taken in the Beira Railway position and the agitation which has been inaugurated by Mr. T. Palmer Gwatkin and the other debenture-holders, who are, not unnaturally, dissatisfied at the present position. Some months ago, we called attention to the statements which the Rhodesian Railways Reform Committee had put forward in a pamphlet which was being widely circulated, and we do not wonder that the debenture and share holders are taking the matter up in an energetic manner.

The distance from Beira to Gwelo is 502 miles, and from Cape Town to the same place 1,313 miles, and the gravamen of the charge which is brought against the management of the Beira concern is that it deliberately strangles its own railway in the interest of the Cape line, and although this grave accusation has been made for months, it has never been denied. Instead of forcing the Cape route to put their prices down, it has put up the Beira rates to a level which allows the longer line to live, and which deprives Rhodesia of all the advantage which the port of Beira was intended to give. As examples of what the Chartered gang make the inhabitants of Rhodesia endure, we are told that two hundred bundles of corrugated iron, which would only cost £41 16s. 5d. to send 8,000 miles from London to Beira, including landing charges, would cost £221 3s. 9d. to be sent 374 miles to Salisbury; and that a consignment of deals costing £48 in London “f.o.b.” would cost £180 to be sent by rail from Beira to Salisbury.

The natural consequence of this throttling policy is that the shares of the Company are practically worthless, and it was even expected that there would be a default on the debentures last month. During the last autumn the officials openly stated that the Company would be unable to meet its coupon, but at the last minute somebody's courage apparently oozed out at his finger-tips, for the coupon was paid.

At the same time, the fact that the $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Debentures are only quoted at about 60, and the 6 per cent. Income Debenture stock at about 17, shows very plainly the fear entertained by the holders that the default is only postponed, and, under these circumstances, there is, naturally, a movement among them to combine for mutual defence.

Mr. G. Dudley Bates (whose portrait we give), who was mainly instrumental in forming the Rhodesia Railway Reform Committee, is in England at the present time, and we believe a meeting of the debenture-holders is to be held at which he will place the whole facts before them. There is no doubt that only energetic action can save the Beira Railway from bankruptcy and Rhodesia from the loss of all the advantages that the short land-route was intended to give.

YANKEES.

Though President Roosevelt may be quite sincere in his disapproval of Trusts and their little escapades, his condemnation has small effect upon the Railroads, whose directors pursue the even tenor of their amalgamating way without much check from the powers that be. Possibly the tendency of absorption might break out more rampantly were there no fear of a restraining hand, but, to take the latest illustration of the Ontario line, there is no apprehension felt that the President or anyone else can prevent one of the bigger Companies guaranteeing a certain fixed dividend on the shares, and thereby obtaining a controlling interest none the less effectual because it happens to be indirect. The best bull point for the American Market seems to us to lie in the avid demand which exists on the other side for investments of a second-grade order. To cope with this, great parcels of Japanese Six per Cent. Bonds of both series are, amongst other similar securities, crossing the ocean at this present time, and

the liners' strong-rooms continue to carry Common shares of the American Railroads that offer 5 per cent. on the investment. Union Pacifics have been bought up to a price at which the return is the ridiculous one of 3 per cent. on the money; but buying still proceeds, the assumption being that the Company will pay 6 per cent. on its Common shares before long. Our own favourites in the market just now are Atchison, Southern Pacific, and Ontario, in each of which we should say there remains a ten-dollar rise.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

There was a general air of cheerfulness about The Carriage, which made the sunshine all the more pleasant.

The Broker hummed softly to himself as he scanned the Stock Exchange *Official List* in his hand. The Banker's expansive face wore an expression of soft contentment. The other occupants were evidently in happy mood.

All except The Jobber.

“It's monstrous—outrageous!” he broke out, with

assumed indignation. “Every other market in the House busy except mine! Grossly unjust, I call it.”

“And not an apparent chance of its going better, either,” said The City Editor, cruelly.

“Kaffirs are dead as door-nails.”

“Why door-nails?” demanded the aggrieved Jobber. “Don't door-nails contain an immense capacity for imparting vitality if you only sit on them in a particular way?”

“Sorry if I libelled door-nails in comparing them with Kaffirs,” The City Editor apologised. “I was merely using them as illustrations.”

“Figures are Mr. Chamberlain's favourite illustrations,” observed The Engineer.

“Yes, figures; not facts,” added The Merchant, an ardent politician.

“Protection is——”

“What we want when you begin to talk about it,” cut in The Broker, laying down the *List*.

“See anything in that comic paper of yours?” inquired The Engineer, with laboured sarcasm.

“It's getting very difficult to know what to put people into that will pay them 4 per cent.,” complained The Broker.

The Banker asked if there were no Colonial Corporations to be bought.

“Such as Johannesburg or Port Elizabeth or Bloemfontein. Fours?” added The City Editor.

“Oh, plenty, of course,” replied The Broker.

“Aren't they good enough? Security ought to be all right.”



MR. GEORGE DUDLEY BATES, LATE MAYOR OF SALISBURY, RHODESIA.

Photograph by Walery.

"So it is, and I wouldn't mind betting the prices will all go to 105."

"Then, what on earth are you complaining about?" cried The City Editor.

The Broker looked harassed. "I wasn't complaining—"

"Confine yourself to the truth, my dear sir," The Engineer advised him. "Speak the truth, and you need fear nothing."

"I fear no foe in my pyjamas," carolled The Jobber, who had been to the Drury Lane pantomime twice. A wide acquaintance with juveniles has its compensations.

"Then there are Great Northern Preferred, Central London Preferred, Caledonian Preferred, and goodness knows how many other Preferred Home Rails that pay nearly 4 per cent. on the money."

"Not to mention Argentine Railway Debentures and a sprinkling of quite respectable American Railway Bonds," The Merchant remarked.

"Seems to me they know your business much better than you know it yourself, Brokie," said The Jobber, with unrefreshing candour.

"We've given you some excellent hints," The City Editor joined in. "All you've got to do is to act upon them."

The Broker was on the point of saying something explosive when The Banker asked for opinions on the Bank Rate.

"What do you think yourself, sir?" inquired The Engineer.

"I hardly know what to think."

"Shall fools rush in where Bankers fear to tread?" and The Jobber looked pointedly at his House friend.

"Two per cent. in a month," returned that worthy, without hesitation. "What's the matter with all you idiots? Is there anything to laugh at in a 2 per cent. Bank Rate?"

"No, but there is something rather funny in the idea of a Stock Exchange member prophesying when Lombard Street prefers silence," said The Solicitor, speaking for the first time.

The Broker turned round upon him angrily. "If—," he began.

"Talking of telephones," The Solicitor interposed, calmly, "how high will National Deferred go?"

"To 120 before they've finished with it," and The Engineer spoke as if he knew.

"Regarded as a gamble," suggested The Solicitor, "or an investment?"

"Gamble, distinctly. Mind you, the Company's doing very well, and the business goes on increasing every half-year."

"Price seems to me a bit topsey," The Broker put in, amicably. "I should certainly get my clients out if it went anywhere near 120."

"Curious how they've rushed up Anglo 'A,' I think," said The Merchant.

"Yes, but there's more reason for that. A foreign syndicate has been buying the stock on the idea that before long—"

"Same old story," growled The Jobber. "Even I know that yarn."

"What is it?" inquired The Merchant.

"That the reserve will soon reach a million pounds, and good dividends on the 'A' stock brought so much the nearer."

"I thought the 'B' only got 5½ per cent. for 1904, instead of 6 per cent.," said The Banker.

"So it did. Of course, Anglo 'A' is a spec., but, to put away, it is a pretty good one."

"I'd rather buy Mexican Ordinary," declared The Engineer.

"Why not Seconds?" asked The City Editor. "There's surely a more immediate rise in Seconds if the improvement continues in that market?"

"Seconds are going to 70," The Broker said, with the tone of one who settles a question for ever.

"I'll back a rise in Mexican Seconds of ten points against a fall of five in Trunk Ordinary," remarked The Engineer.

"Dare say you will."

"Grand Trunks are still *cum* dividend, I think?" queried The Banker.

"All the Preferences, and the Ordinary, too, sir," replied The Jobber, with a grave smile.

The old gentleman said he could not be so easily offended as the other appeared to think.

"There's a difference between impudence and fun," The Broker loftily told The Jobber, who promptly professed astonishment at his friend's knowledge of the fact.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen!" protested The Solicitor, "are we not getting somewhat senile?"

"You'll see Nile Valleys spurt five shillings before you know where you are, and that's as certain as I'm sitting here," said The Jobber.

"I've rather a fancy for Egyptians myself," confessed The Engineer. "Not for Nile Valleys, though. There's too much of the Robinson element about the Company for my liking."

"What, then?" and the City Editor grew interested.

"United African Exploration and Um Rus are going better."

"They'll all move together, like Yankees."

"And I believe the move will come before a Kaffir boom," added The Engineer. "The gold is *there*, my boy."

"So it is in South Africa."

"Some of it. The greater part is in Park Lane, and—"

"Socialist!" exclaimed The Jobber.

"When are we going to have Kaffirs better, then? Answer me that."

"Sooner or later. How do I know? I only hope it will come before I get hammered or starve miserably."

The others all unkindly laughed. "You'll have to live by your wits," suggested The City Editor.

"Thanks for the implied compliment," and The Jobber wearily rose to depart. "But, somehow, I don't altogether fancy myself in the rôle of a malingering Company-promoter. Good-morning, gentlemen."

THE SANITAS COMPANY.

Our readers know that we have always had a good word for the Sanitas Company, and the General Meeting just held has fully justified our recommendation of the shares. The dividend of 7½ per cent. for the year is the usual one, and although the profits have not been quite as much as in some former years, the discrepancy is comparatively small, and must be experienced in all industrial businesses. The shares certainly look cheap at present price of about 1½, and yield well over 6 per cent.

Saturday, Feb. 25, 1905.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

(1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C., and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.

(2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a *nom-de-guerre* under which the desired answer may be published. Should no *nom-de-guerre* be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.

(3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.

(4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.

(5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.

(6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.

(7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.

(8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ALPHA BETA.—The British America shares are not, and never can be, of any value. The Die Press concern was wound up in 1903. The liquidator is Mr. J. H. Stephens, 6, Clement's Lane, E.C.; write to him. The South Metropolitan Electric shares are a fair investment.

LENA.—(1) You will not get 4 or 5 per cent. out of Egyptian Government stocks. Colonial Corporation Bonds, such as City of Wellington Waterworks, South Melbourne, Cape Town, Christchurch, and Johannesburg, might suit you. (2) We prefer Charing Cross and City Electrics. (3) The Alliance, the North British and Mercantile, and the Law Life will all give you 4 per cent. (4) The Bank shares have had such a big rise that we do not like to say they will still improve, but we consider them first-class and safe. (5) Yes; very good.

OUTSIDER.—(1) Yes; in the present prosperous state of Canada the Railway looks hopeful, but it is not built. (2) The Telegraph concern is very speculative, but might result in a big profit. (3) We have no faith in Ravenswood Mines; the ores are very refractory, and there is next to no market for the shares. (4) We expect the Development shares will reach £2.

MACEDONIA.—We believe that the Company you inquire about has got over the worst of its crisis, and that in the course of the next year or eighteen months it is likely to show better results. If the shares were our own, we should not sell at present, and would rather buy a few more to average.

E. H.—(1) To sell your English Railway stock and reinvest in Argentine is a gamble. On the whole, we believe you would make money by the deal. (2) Fine Spinners should be bought, and, perhaps, even the Dyers, but these are more speculative. (3) Sanitas, River Plate Gas, Ashby's Staines Brewery Pref., and Welsbach Pref. (4) The *Financial Times* and the *Statist*. (5) Probably Mathieson's "Handbook for Investors," at 2s. 6d., might suit you.

GAMMA.—(1) You might average the Electric Lights. (2) Babcock and Wilcox, Foreign and Colonial Investment Trust Deferred stock, Armstrong Ordinary shares, Central Bahia Railway Trust "A" certificates, and see answer to "E. H." (3) Worth buying. (4) Very difficult question. We were wrong to advise holding, and yet we could not sell now and may be wrong again.

E. T. B.—Your letter was answered on the 25th inst.

ASHTON.—The Company is a perfectly honest affair, but we cannot believe it has had a good year. The jewellery trade has been probably the worst sufferer from the depression which has followed the war. The Preference dividend is quite safe.

VERITAS.—We do not advise the purchase of anything in the Jungle. Of your list, Gold Coast Amalgamated and Wassau are the best. The others are mere gambles. Broomassie has been reconstructed, we believe.